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HANS HEILING'S ROCKS. A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

BY KORNER.

THERE lived many ages ago, in a little village on the Eger, a rich farmer. The name of the village, tradition has not handed down to us, but it is generally believed to have been situated on the left bank of the Eger, opposite the village of Alch, which is well known to all the invalids of Carlsbad. VEIT, such was the name of the farmer, had a pretty and amiable daughter, the joy and pride of the surrounding country.

ELSBETH was really very handsome; and, besides that, so good and well educated, that it would not have been then easy to find her equal.

Near Veit's house stood a little cottage which belonged to the young ARNOLD, whose father had lately died. He had learnt the trade of a mason, and was just returning home for the first time after a long absence, at the period of his father's death. Like an affectionate son, he dropped tears of unfeigned grief upon the old man's grave, for he had received as his patrimony nothing but a miserable cottage. Arnold, however, enjoyed, in the stillness of his own bosom, a most valuable inheritance—truth and probity, and a lively sense of every thing good and beautiful. The elder Arnold was already in a declining state of health, when his son arrived at the village, and his physical strength was not sufficient for the joy of again beholding him. The young man sedulously attended

him, and in fact never stirred from his side, so that, previously to his father's decease, he saw none of his early friends and companions, except those who visited him as he sat by the bed of sickness.

Of all the other villagers there was none that took so lively an interest in Veit's daughter Elsbeth, as Arnold; for they had grown up together, and he still entertained a pleasurable remembrance of the kind-hearted little maid, who had been so fond of him, and wept so bitterly when he was obliged to set out for the dwelling of his master, who resided at Prague. He was now a fine slender youth, and he had often said within himself, that Elsbeth must also be now full grown, and exceedingly handsome.

The third evening after his father's death, Arnold was musing in sorrow, upon the new-made grave, when he heard a light step entering the churchyard behind him. He looked up, and saw a lovely girl gliding among the grave-hillocks with a basket of flowers upon her arm. An elder-bush concealed him from the eyes of Elsbeth, for it was she who was coming to adorn with garlands the resting-place of her venerable neighbour.

She bent in tears over the turf, and spoke in a low tone as she folded her hands together: "Rest in peace, virtuous man! may the earth be less burdensome to thee than thy life!—though no flowers were strewed along thy path,

yet shall thy grave at least be bedecked with them!"—Here Arnold sprang forward through the bushes—"Elsbeth!" cried he, as he pressed the terrified maiden in his arms, "Elsbeth, do you know me?"—"Ah! Arnold! is it you?" stammered she, blushing; "it is very, very long since we have seen one another."—"And you are so handsome, so mild, so amiable—and you loved my father, and still cherish such an affectionate remembrance of him. Dear, delightful girl!"—"Yes, worthy Arnold, I loved him with all my heart," said she, gently disengaging herself from his embrace; "we have often conversed together about you—the only joy he knew was the possession of such a son."—"Was I really a source of joy to him?" interrupted Arnold, hastily; "then do I thank thee, God, for having preserved me in probity and virtue! But, Elsbeth, only think how every thing is altered. Formerly we were little, and, as my father sat before the door, we played about his knees—you were so fond of me—and we could not live asunder—and now the good old man slumbers beneath us—we are grown up; and, though I have not had it in my power to be with you, yet have I often thought of you."—"And I also of you," whispered Elsbeth, softly, as she tenderly gazed upon him with her large friendly eyes.

Then Arnold exclaimed with animation:—"Elsbeth, we already loved in childhood!—I was obliged to quit you—but here, on the grave of my father, where I once more behold you, where we both came to meditate in silence upon him,—I feel as if we had never been separated. The sentiment of a child awakens within me, fostered into the passion of a man.—Elsbeth, I love you—here, on this sacred spot, I declare it to you for the first time, I love you! and you?"—But Elsbeth hid her glowing face in his breast, and wept heartily—"And you?" repeated Arnold, in a mournful and imploring tone. She gently raised her head, and looked full upon him through her tears, but with an expression of satisfaction. "Arnold, from the bottom of my heart, I am yours—I have ever, ever loved

you!" He again pressed her to his bosom, and they sealed with kisses the confession of their hearts.

When the first transport of reciprocal affection was over, they sat in an ecstasy of bliss upon the grave. Arnold related his adventures, and longings for his home, while Elsbeth again dwelt upon his father, and their early childhood, those days of unclouded enjoyment. The sun was already a considerable time below the horizon, but they had not observed it. At last a bustle in the adjoining street awoke them from their reverie, and Elsbeth, after a hasty parting kiss, flew from the arms of Arnold towards her father's house. At the dead of the night, Arnold was still sitting upon the old man's grave, sunk in blissful recollections; and the morning was already dawning, when, with an overflowing and thankful heart, he entered his paternal cottage.

On the morrow, as Elsbeth was preparing her father's morning repast, the old Veit began to speak of Arnold. "I pity the poor youth," said he, "from my heart—you must certainly remember him, Elsbeth, for ye have often played together."—"How should I not?" stammered she, reddening. "I should be sorry if it were not the case—it would appear as if you were too proud to think of the poor lad. It is true, I have become rich, and the Arnolds have always continued poor creatures,—but they have always been honest, at least the father, and I also hear very favourable accounts of the son."—"Really, father," interrupted Elsbeth, hastily, "he is an excellent young man."—"Ho, Elsbeth," retorted the father, "how have you learned that with such certainty?"—"They say so in the village," was the faltering answer. "I am glad of it; if I can assist him in any way, my exertions shall not be wanting."

Elsbeth, in order to terminate the conversation, during which her cheeks exhibited one continued blush, set about some of her household affairs, and thus escaped the scrutinizing glances of the suspicious old man. Before mid-day, Arnold met his beloved by appointment in the garden behind

Veit's house. She related to him the entire conversation, which inspired him with the most favourable expectations. "Yes," said he in conclusion, "I have been considering all night what is best to be done. I shall go this very day to your father, openly declare to him our love, and desire to be united. I shall acquaint him with my pursuits, produce the testimonials which I have obtained from my master, and implore his blessing. He will be pleased with my candour, and consent; I shall then cheerfully depart on my travels, amass a little competence, return a faithful and joyous lover, and we shall then be happy. Is it not true, sweet good Elsbeth?"—"Yes," cried the transported maid, as she hung upon his neck, "yes, my father will certainly give his consent—he is so fond of me!" They separated, full of the most sanguine hopes.

In the evening Arnold put on his best attire, once more visited his father's grave, fervently invoking his blessing, and then, with a beating heart, took the way to Veit's house. Elsbeth, trembling with joy, welcomed him, and forthwith introduced him to her father. "Neighbour Arnold," cried the old man, anticipating him, "what have you to offer me?"—"Myself," answered he. "That means?"—"inquired Veit. "Sir," began Arnold, with a voice tremulous at first, but afterwards more resolute and animated, "Sir, let me recover myself a little, and you will then understand me better. I am poor, but have been regularly brought up to business, as these testimonials will certify. The whole world lies open before me; for it is not my intention to confine myself to the mechanical part of my profession, but to pursue the theory of it: I shall one day become a skilful architect—this promise I have given to my deceased father. But, sir, all human efforts must centre in some object, and labour must be directed towards some fixed end. The houses which I build are not projected for the purpose of *erection* merely, but of *utility*; so is it with my profession. I do not devote myself to it for the mere sake of *study*, but with a view of de-

veloping some *profit* from it, and that reward which I have proposed to myself it rests with you to bestow. Promise me that it shall be mine, as soon as I shall have earned a competence, and I will devote myself to my profession with the utmost avidity."—"And what then do I possess," answered Veit, "which can be of such importance to you?"—"Your daughter—we love one another—I have, like an honest man, applied in the first instance to her father, and also refrained from saying much about the girl herself, as is the habit of many. No, I come to you after the good old fashion, and solicit a promise, that if, at the end of three years, I return home from my travels, and with some little property realized, you will not deny me your paternal blessing,—and that you will, in the mean time, suffer your daughter to continue for three years my betrothed bride."

"Young man," replied the father, "I have let you speak on—do you permit me to do the same, and I shall plainly and fairly declare to you my resolution. That you love my daughter gives me unfeigned pleasure, for you are an honest youth; and I am still more pleased that you have openly applied to her father, which conduct indeed merits my decided approbation. Your principals term you a clever young man, and inspire you with hopes of advancement: I wish you joy of this; but hope is an uncertain good, and shall I rest the future prospects of my Elsbeth on so frail a foundation? It is possible, that, during these three years, proposals may be offered, which shall be more agreeable to my daughter, or at least to me. Shall I refuse such, because there is a possibility of your return? No, young man—I shall do no such thing. If, however, you return while Elsbeth is still disengaged, and with your fortune already made, I shall not oppose your wishes. For the present, not a word more on the subject."—"But neighbour Veit," faltered Arnold imploringly, and seized the old man's hand, "only reflect—"—"There is no need of fur-

ther reflection," interrupted Veit, "and therefore God bless you,—or, if you wish to remain longer, you are welcome; but not a word more of Elsbeth." "And this is your final resolve?" stammered Arnold. "My final one," returned the old man coldly. "Then God help me," cried the youth, and was rushing out of the room; Veit caught him quickly by the hand, and detained him. "Young man, do not commit an indiscretion. If you are a man, and possessed of strength and fortitude, be collected, and suppress your feelings. The world is wide—seek to engage yourself in busy life, and your breast will recover its tranquillity. Now, farewell, and may good fortune accompany you in your wanderings." With these words he let go his hold, and Arnold tottered to his cottage. Weeping bitterly, he packed up his bundle, bid adieu to his little patrimony, and then directed his steps towards the churchyard, in order to pay a parting visit to his father's grave.

Elsbeth, who had through the door partially overheard the conversation, sat drowned in tears. She had indulged in dreams of future bliss, and now, even hope itself seemed to be annihilated. Wishing to get a last sight of Arnold, she had stationed herself at the window of her apartment, and waited until he stepped out of the cottage, and bent towards the churchyard. She flew quickly after him, and found him praying on the grave. "Arnold, Arnold, you will then depart," cried she, embracing him, "ah! I cannot let you go!" Arnold started up, as if awakened out of a dream—"I must, Elsbeth, I must. Forbear to break my heart with your tears, for I must go."—"Will you ever return, and when?"—"Elsbeth, I will labour as much as man can do—I will not squander a moment of my time—in three years I return again. Will you continue true to me?"—"Until death, dear Arnold," cried she sobbing. "Even though your father should endeavour to compel you."—"Let them drag me to the church—even at the foot of the altar I will cry—no. Yes, Arnold, we will

remain true to one another, here and above yon sky. Somewhere we shall meet again!"—"Then let us part," cried Arnold, while a ray of hope beamed through the tears which filled his eyes, "let us part. No longer do I shrink before any obstacles—no enterprize shall be too great, or too audacious for me. With this kiss I pledge my troth to you, and now—farewell! in three years we shall be happy."—He tore himself from her arms. "Arnold," cried she, "Arnold, do not forsake your Elsbeth!" but he was already gone. His white handkerchief waved from afar a last adieu, and he at length disappeared in the obscurity of the wood.

Elsbeth flung herself down upon the grave, and prayed fervently to God. Being confident that Arnold would be true to her, she became more calm, and appeared more collected in the presence of her father, who fixed his eyes sharply upon her, and inquired into the most minute particulars.

Early every morning she performed a little pilgrimage to the spot where she had last embraced her Arnold; the old Veit was well aware of this circumstance, but made no comment upon it, and was rather glad that Elsbeth could be so tranquil, and even at times cheerful.

A year passed away in this manner, and, to Elsbeth's great satisfaction, no suitor who had yet announced himself had met with the approval of her father. About the end of the second year, a person returned to the village after a long absence, who had left it early on account of some acts of gross libertinism, and had seen a great deal of the world. HANS HEILING had departed in extreme indigence, but returned in very opulent circumstances. It seemed as if he had come back to the village for the mere purpose of displaying his wealth to those who had formerly been inimical to him. It was at first believed that he would spend only a short time in it, as he was continually speaking of important affairs which required his presence; he appeared, however, shortly after, to be making preparations

for a longer stay. Marvellous reports were spread throughout the village concerning him. Many an honest man shrugged his shoulders; and there were some who gave broad hints that they knew how he had amassed all his riches.

Be that as it might, Hans Heiling visited the old Veit daily, and amused him by relating his travels; how he had been in Egypt, and sailed into regions still more remote; so that the old man enjoyed a great deal of pleasure from his acquaintance; and that evening seemed to him very tedious, of which Heiling did not pass some part in his chamber. He heard, to be sure, many whispers among his neighbours, but shook his head incredulously at them; still there was one circumstance which excited some surprise in him,—that Hans Heiling shut himself up every Friday, and remained at home alone during the entire day. He put the question, therefore, to him straightway, how he employed himself on such occasions; “I am bound by a vow to spend every Friday in private prayer,” was the answer. Veit was satisfied: Hans went in and out as before, and his views with regard to Elsbeth became every day more apparent. But she entertained an unaccountable aversion for this man, insomuch that the blood seemed to curdle in her veins at the mere sight of him. Nevertheless, he made formal proposals to the old man, and received as an answer, that he should first endeavour to discover the sentiments of the girl herself. He therefore took advantage of an evening, on which he knew that Veit was not at home, to sound her feelings.

Elsbeth was sitting at her spinning-wheel, as he stepped in at the door, and shuddered as she stood up to inform him that her father was not within. “O then, let us chat a little together, my charming girl,” was his reply; and with these words he sat down by her side. Elsbeth quickly moved away from him. Hans, who considered this to be merely the effect of maiden timidity, and held the principle, that he who wishes to succeed with women must act with boldness, caught her sud-

denly round the waist, and said, in a flattering tone, “Will the fair Elsbeth not sit beside me?” But she tore herself out of his arms with an expression of aversion; and, with the words—“It is not becoming that I should remain alone with you,” made an effort to quit the room. But he followed, and embraced her more boldly: “Your father has assented to my proposals, fair Elsbeth; will you not then be mine? I shall not release you, until you make me that promise.” She vainly struggled to avoid his kisses, which burned upon her cheek, and increased her terror; in vain did she cry out for assistance,—his passion was in the highest state of excitement, and he was proceeding to take further liberties, when his eyes rested upon a little cross, which Elsbeth had from a child worn about her neck, as a token of remembrance received from her mother, who died early. Seized by some strange emotion, he let her go, appeared convulsed, and rushed out of the apartment. Elsbeth returned thanks to God for her deliverance; and when her father came home, related to him the outrageous behaviour of Heiling. Veit shook his head, and seemed much irritated. At his next meeting with Hans, he animadverted strongly upon his conduct; and the latter offered, as an apology, the impetuosity of his love. The occurrence, however, was so far fortunate for Elsbeth, that it released her for a long time from his assiduities. She wore openly upon her breast the cross which had, she knew not how, been her protection on that occasion; and observed that Heiling never addressed a single word to her whenever he found her so provided.

The third year was hastening to a close. Elsbeth, who had always employed some artifice to divert or interrupt the conversation, whenever her father spoke on the subject of a union with Heiling, became more and more cheerful. She daily visited old Arnold's grave, and then, crossing the Eger, ascended a height which lay on the road to Prague, silently indulging the hope of one time describing her

true-love on his way back to the village.

About this time, she one morning missed the little cross which was so dear and precious to her. She thought it must have been taken from her neck as she slept, for she never left it off; and her suspicions rested upon one of the maids, whom she had on the preceding evening overheard whispering with Heiling behind the house. In tears, she told it to her father, who laughed at her mistrust, asserting, that Heiling could set no such value upon the cross; that he was not a man for such amorous toying, and that she had certainly lost it in some other manner. Notwithstanding this, she remained unshaken in her opinion, and observed very plainly, that Heiling renewed his addresses with great seriousness and circumspection. Her father, too, became every day more urgent, and at last declared openly, that it was his firm and unalterable will, that she should give her hand to Heiling,—that Arnold had certainly forgotten her, and the three years were besides already past. Heiling, on his part, swore eternal love to her, in the presence of her father, adding, that he was not, like perhaps many others, actuated by any mercenary motive,—no, she herself was the object of his affection, for he had money in abundance, and would make her richer and happier than she had ever dreamed of becoming. But Elsbeth despised him and his wealth; being, however, strongly importuned by both parties, and tortured by reflections on the supposed infidelity or death of her Arnold, she saw no other course before her, but that which lies open to all those in despair; she accordingly begged for a respite of three days, for, alas! she still cherished the idea, that her beloved would return. The three days were granted; and her two persecutors, full of the hope that they would soon behold the accomplishment of their wishes, quitted the cottage, as Veit was going to accompany his intended son-in-law on a walk. Just at this moment, the priest of the village, preceded by the sacristan, was coming down the street, on his way to adminis-

ter the final consolation to a person who was at the point of death. Every one bowed before the image of the crucified Redeemer, and Veit, in particular, fell prostrate; but his companion sprang into the nearest house with an expression of horror. Veit looked after him astonished, and not without shuddering, and then shaking his head, returned to his home. Presently a messenger from Heiling entered, who informed him, that his master had just been seized with a sudden giddiness, and hoped that he would come to him, without forming any unfavourable surmises. But Veit replied, crossing himself:—"Go, tell him I shall be happy to hear, that nothing worse than a mere giddiness has befallen him."

Elsbeth, meanwhile, sat weeping and praying on a hill at the entrance of the village, which commanded a view to a great extent along the road to Prague. A cloud of dust became visible in the distance; her heart throbbed violently; but as soon as she could distinguish objects, and descried a party of persons on horseback, in rich attire, her fond hopes were again blasted. In front of the train, there rode on the left of a venerable old man, a handsome youth, for whose eagerness the rapid pace of the horses seemed much too slow, and it was with difficulty that the old man could prevent him from galloping forward. Elsbeth was abashed at the number of men, and cast down her eyes, without looking any longer on the procession. On a sudden, the youth sprung from his steed and knelt before her:—"Elsbeth, is it possible? my dear beloved Elsbeth!" The terrified maid started up, but sunk in an ecstasy into the arms of the youth, exclaiming,—"*Arnold, my Arnold!*" They continued for a long time in a paroxysm of delight, lip to lip, and heart to heart. The companions of Arnold stood around the entranced pair, full of joyful emotion: the old man folded his hands in thankfulness to God; and never had the departing sun shone upon a happier groupe.

When the tumult of joy had in some measure subsided, it was a question between the lovers, which should first

commence a recital of their adventures. Elsbeth began at last, and explained in a few words, her unhappy situation, and the terms on which she stood with Heiling. Arnold was shocked at the idea of the bare possibility of losing his Elsbeth; while the old man made accurate inquiries concerning Heiling; and finally exclaimed,—“Yes, my friends! it is the same wretch, who, in my native town, was guilty of these abominable acts, and escaped the hand of justice, only by the rapidity of his flight. Let us thank God that we are here, to frustrate his villainous intentions.” Amid such discourses respecting Heiling and Elsbeth, they at length reached the village, but at rather a late hour.

Arnold triumphantly led Elsbeth to her father, who could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes, when he saw a number of rich-clad persons entering his cottage.—“Father of my Elsbeth,” began Arnold, “I am here to solicit the hand of your daughter. I have become an opulent man—am in favour with individuals of exalted rank, and able to do even more than I promised.”—“How!” cried the astonished Veit, “can you be the once poor Arnold, son of my deceased neighbour?”—“Yes, it is he,” replied the old man joining in the conversation, “the same, who three years ago left this place in poverty and despair. He applied to me,—I immediately perceived that he would become a master of his profession, and consequently received him into my employment. In the discharge of his duty he invariably gave the utmost satisfaction; and I was, in a short time, able to entrust the most important matters to his superintendence. He has permanently established a character for himself in many great towns; and is at present engaged in executing a work which promises to be a master-piece. He has become rich,—been admitted to the society of dukes and counts, and shared their munificence. Bestow your daughter upon him, in performance of your promise. The wretch to whom you were about to sacrifice your Elsbeth, has a thousand times merited the gallows,—I know the villain well.”—

“Is this all true that you relate to me?” enquired Veit. “It is! it is!” repeated all present. “Then I should be sorry to oppose your wishes,” said Veit, turning to Arnold; “distinguished artist, the girl is your’s; and may the blessing of God be upon you.” Unable to express their gratitude, the happy pair threw themselves at his feet: he folded them to his bosom,—and constancy at last met its reward.

“Friend Veit,” began the old man, after a long silence, interrupted only by the exclamations of joy which proceeded from the lovers, “Friend Veit, I should wish to make one request more of you.—Unite your children to-morrow morning without delay, that I may have the pleasure of seeing my Arnold completely happy, whom I love as a son; for Heaven has bestowed upon me none of my own. The day after to-morrow I must return to Prague.” “Well, well,” answered Veit, quite exhilarated, “if it is so very agreeable to you, we shall so arrange it.—Children,” said he, addressing himself to the young couple, “to-morrow is the day. Yonder, at my farm on the Egerberg, I shall make preparations for the wedding. I will immediately apprise the priest;—do you, Elsbeth, attend to your household concerns, and prepare to entertain your guests suitably to their dignity.” Elsbeth obeyed; and that Arnold slipped out a moment after, and both remained in the garden, engaged in confidential dalliance, we find very natural.

The first thought which occurred to the good son, when he had recovered from his ecstasy, rested upon the grave of his father; and he and Elsbeth went, therefore, arm in arm to the spot, which they had, at their last visit, quitted in despair.

At the grave they again plighted their troth, both inspired with a feeling of religious awe. “Does not,” whispered Arnold, embracing his betrothed with ardour, “does not this moment of blessedness overbalance three whole years of pain? We have attained the summit of our wishes,—life has no higher enjoyment to bestow,—it is only above that any purer bliss awaits

us!"—"Ah, that we could once die thus, arm on arm, heart on heart," sighed Elsbeth.—"Die!" repeated Arnold; "yes, on your breast! Gracious Providence! lay it not to our charge, that, even in the overflowing of our present joy, we entertain a feeling of something still higher. With grateful hearts we acknowledge the abundance of thy bounty! Yes, Elsbeth, let us pray here on our father's grave, and offer thanksgiving for the beneficence of Heaven!" It was a silent prayer but fervent and sincere; and the lovers returned home in indefinable emotion.

The morrow was a fine clear day; it was Friday, and the Festival of St. Laurence. There was a bustle through the whole village; at the door of every cottage stood youths and maidens in their holiday attire; for Veit was rich, and every suitable preparation had been made for the nuptials. Heiling's door alone was shut, for it was Friday; and it will be recollected, that he never let himself be seen on that day.

The procession to the church was presently set in motion, for the purpose of conducting the joyful pair to the loveliest of all solemnities. Veit and Arnold's principal walked together, and shed tears of unfeigned joy, on witnessing the happiness of their children. Veit had chosen an open place under a large linden in the middle of the village, for the celebration of the marriage-feast. Thither the train proceeded when the rites were at an end. The light, as it were, of heaven, shone from the eyes of the loving pair. The festive meal continued for several hours, and goblets crowned with flowers often rung to the toast, "Long live Arnold and his lovely bride!"

At last, the new-married couple, with the two fathers, Arnold's friends, and some of Elsbeth's companions, forsook the linden for the farm on the Egerberg. The house was beautifully situated among the foliage which crowns the rocky precipice that rises out of the valley; and, surrounded by a circle smaller in number, but consisting of more confidential friends, the hours flew by like minutes, for the enraptured

Arnold and his Elsbeth. The adorned bridal-chamber had also been prepared in the farm-house, and a cheerful evening meal stood ready, under bowers of fruit-trees, with which the garden was enriched. The most costly wines sparkled in the cups of the guests.

Twilight had already darkened the valley, but unnoticed by the joyful circle. At length the last faint glimmer of day disappeared, and a serene starry night saluted Arnold and his bride. The old Veit began even to speak of his youthful years, and entered so warmly into the subject, that midnight now approached, and Arnold and Elsbeth eagerly awaited the end of his speech. At last Veit concluded; and, with these words, "Good night, dear children," was preparing to escort them to the door of their chamber. At this moment the clock of the village below them struck twelve,—a fearful hurricane arose from the depth of the valley,—and Hans Heiling stood in the midst of the terrified assembly, with his countenance hideously distorted. "Satan," cried he, "I release you from your thralldom—but first annihilate these!"—"On that condition thou art mine!" answered a voice which issued from the howling blast.—"Thine I am, though all the torments of hell await me! but annihilate these!" A sort of fiery vapour now enveloped the hill, and Arnold, Elsbeth, Veit, and the guests, stood transformed into rocks; the lovers tenderly embracing each other, and the rest with their hands folded, in the attitude of prayer. "Hans Heiling," thundered a fiendish voice through the howling blast, "they are blest in death, and their souls are flown to heaven; but the term of thy contract is expired, and thou art mine!" Hans Heiling flew from the top of the rock down into the foaming Eger, which hissed as it received him, and no eye ever beheld him more.

Early on the following morning came the female friends of Elsbeth, with nosegays and garlands, to deck the new married pair; and the whole village flocked after them. But the hand of destruction was visible every

where ;—they recognized the features of their friends in the group of rocks ; and the maidens, sobbing aloud, wreathed their flowers around the stony forms of their once beloved friends. After this, all present sank upon their knees, and prayed for the souls of the departed. "Peace be with them," a venerable old man at length broke the deep silence with these words :—"Peace be with them,—they passed a way in love and joy together—arm on arm and heart on heart they died. Be their graves perpetually adorned with fresh flowers, and let these rocks remain, as a memorial to us, that no evil spirit has power over pure hearts—that true love is approved even in death itself."

After that day, many an enamoured pair performed a pilgrimage to Hans

Heiling's rocks, and invoked the blessing and protection of the souls in bliss. This pious usage has died away, but the tradition still lives in the hearts of the people ; and, even at this day, the guide who conducts strangers up the fearful valley of the Eger, to HANS HEILING'S ROCKS, pronounces the names of Arnold and Elsbeth, and points out the forms of stone into which they were metamorphosed, together with the father of the bride, and the remainder of the guests.

It is reported, that there was heard, some years since, a frightful and unaccountable roaring of the Eger, at the part where Hans Heiling had precipitated himself into it ; and no one passed by at that time, without crossing himself, and commending his soul to the Lord.

(Literary Gazette.)

SURPRISE OF THE SCHOOL OF TERRACINA, *by the* ROMAN BANDITTI.

The following relation gives a frightful picture of the state of Italy.

DURING the night of the 23d of Jan. 1821, this school was attacked by banditti, eighteen in number, from the Neapolitan territory. One of them knocked at the gate, and demanded to speak to some of the youths, and to the Rector or Sub-rector. The porter answered, that neither of the latter were within, and then went to give information of the circumstance. Meantime, the voice of the Sub-rector returning home was heard : the banditti fell upon him, and holding a knife to his throat, forced him to have the door opened. Some of them immediately rushed in, while others remained to keep guard over their prisoner. The youths of the academy were obliged to get up, and, together with their professor and attendants, fifteen persons in all, to leave the house two by two, and to set out with the robbers for the mountains. They had gone only a few steps, when the brave Carabineer Ercolani singly and heroically attacked the band. Several shots were fired ; one of them killed the Carabineer, and

mortally wounded the Sub-rector, who died the following day : several of the boys were slightly wounded. During this combat, one of the boys, with a professor and attendant, had the good fortune to escape. The other prisoners were now obliged quickly to ascend the mountain ; on their way, another of the boys escaped. As soon as the affair was known at Terracina, the Captain of that district collected his troops, who, united with the yagers, followed the robbers ; but the papal troops not being allowed to pass the frontiers, gave the band an opportunity of escaping into the Neapolitan mountains. Application was however made to the Neapolitan authorities, for leave to pursue them and deliver the young prisoners. Already, on the 24th, the band had released two of the pupils and the porter, and gave them letters to the parents of the young people, in which they demanded 72,000 crowns in gold for their ransom, which was soon reduced to 30,000 crowns and some provisions.

The parents immediately sent a sum of money, as well as a quantity of provisions: upon this four of the youngest of the boys were released. Through the mediation of the Bishop, 8000 crowns more were sent, in return for which the freedom of nine more pupils was obtained. They had now only three boys, for whose ransom they wanted 2400 crowns; and deputies

had just arrived to pay them this imposition, when the Neapolitan troops appeared. The barbarians murdered two of the boys in the presence of the persons who had got the money to release them; the third, however, luckily escaped death by flight. Every exertion was making to apprehend the assassins.

(Edinburgh Magazine.)

STANZAS ON VISITING A SCENE OF CHILDHOOD.

"I came to the place of my birth and said, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and Echo answered, 'Where are they.'"

Long years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green;
The spot where, a school-boy all thoughtless I stray'd
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends who had roam'd with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair;
All scatter'd—all sunder'd, by mountain and wave,
And some in the cold silent womb of the grave!

I thought of the green banks that circled around,
With wild-flowers, with sweet-briar, and eglantine crown'd.—
I thought of the river, all stirless and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night.

And I thought of the trees under which we had stray'd,
Of the broad leafy boughs with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigur'd, some token to find
Of the names, and the carvings, impress'd on the rind.

All eager I hasten'd the scene to behold,
Render'd sacred and dear by the feelings of old,
And I deem'd that, unalter'd, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore!

'Twas a dream—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew,
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
Like a tale that is told—they had vanish'd away!

And methought the lone river that murmur'd along,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds, that had nestled, and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove!

I paused,—and the moral came home to my heart,—
Behold how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless—our hopes but a gleam,
Our staff but a reed, and our life but a dream!

Then, oh! let us look—let our prospects allure
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure,
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of Change, and the ruins of Time!

(Literary Gazette, April 14.)

THE BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES OF NATURE.

BY CHARLES BUCKE.*

THEY who are happy enough to possess a taste for reading nature in her own works, will recognize one of her devoted worshippers in the author of these volumes. He seems to have looked on the world from a pastoral solitude, endeavouring to explore the hearts of men, and to bring their better nature into a high relief. The variety of subjects which he has connected with the proximate or remote operations of nature, is immense; and it is manifest that he must have dedicated a great portion of his life to the observance of her laws, and to the admiration of her influence. We shall merely endeavour to give some idea of the general design, by taking a few specimens of the subjects, prefixing to them their appropriate titles.

GROTTOES.

"The names of deities were given to grottoes as well as to fountains. The serenity of an Italian sky served to render those occasional retreats peculiarly agreeable to the Roman nobility; hence were they frequently to be found in the shrubberies and gardens of that accomplished people. The poets, at all times willing to celebrate whatever adds to their enjoyments, have left us some elegant descriptions of those recesses, formed in the sides of rocks, at the feet of mountains, or on the banks of rivulets. Many of these still remain in Italy;* containing multitudes of small paintings, representing vases, festoons, leaves, butterflies, shells, and fruits.

"Pausanias gives a remarkable account of a grotto at Corycium; and Statius describes an elegant one in his third Sylva; but that, which was most celebrated in ancient times, was the grotto of Egeria; still existing, though in a state of ruin.† When this grotto

was first made by Numa, it was formed with such skill, as to appear totally untouched by art: in the reign of one of the emperors, however, it entirely lost its simplicity; and, being adorned with marble and other splendid ornaments, it acquired a magnificence totally foreign to its original character. This provoked the satire of the indignant Juvenal. It is now said to have returned to its primitive simplicity; being adorned with moss, violets, sweet-briars, honey-suckles, and hawthorns.

"The grotto, which Pope formed at Twickenham, was one of the most celebrated ever erected in this kingdom. In the first instance, it was remarkable for its elegant simplicity: as the owner, however, advanced in years, it became more and more indebted to the refinements of art; but the recollection of its having amused the last years of that illustrious poet atones to the heart of the philanthropist, for what it loses to the eye of imagination and taste. The inscription he wrote for this fountain, seems to have been conceived from the following laconic fragment:—

"*Nymphae . loci . bibe . lava . tace.*"

It may be well to apprise the reader that the author, with a modesty peculiar to himself, seldom describes his own feelings in the first person. He seems generally averse to mentioning himself directly; though there are some instances to the contrary, in which, philosophic as he is, he permits the *irritabile genus* to appear, and which we would wish had been omitted. But, generally, he disguises his own feelings under a fictitious name, Colonna; and he also surrounds himself with his friends, to whom he has assigned names which they alone know how to appropriate.

‡ Author of *Philosophy of Nature, Amusements in Retirement, &c.* See *Ath.* vol. 1. p. 57, &c.

* *Diverse Maniere d'adornare i Cammini Roma*, p. 23, fol. 1769.

† The Latian peasantry believed that Egeria was so afflicted at Numa's death, that she melted into a fountain of tears.

A HARVEST SCENE.

"In the retired parish of Aberystwith, are three valleys and six dingles. Strawberries are in the woods, bilberries on the sides, and grouse upon the summits of the mountains. In the rivulets are, occasionally, found specimens of pyrites; and in the church-yard are several antique yew-trees, out of one of which grows a mountain ash. The church was built in the reign of Henry V. These valleys are so remote, and the access to them so difficult, that there never was a castle, a monastery, nor even a manor-house, built in either of them. The serpentine direction prevails here: as it does in the veins of plants; in the veins of minerals and animals; in the flowing rivers; in the motion of clouds; in the disposition of countries; and in the ever-varying progress of the moon.

"O, that this lovely vale were mine!
That, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years might gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

"There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of all gracious Heaven,
A piety sublime:
And thoughts would come, of mystic mood,
To make, in this deep solitude,
Eternity of Time!

"Colonna once passed a day in these valleys: sometimes ascending the summits, sometimes sitting on the margin of the rivulets, and at others reclining under the shade of the coppices. It was the middle of September, and the very scene of repose, which Homer has described in one of the compartments of his hero's shield, was present. Flocks feeding over a valley, whose peace required no dogs to guard them: every soul of the village engaged in the harvest: some cutting the corn with sickles, others with scythes; some binding the sheaves; others picking up the shocks, which had fallen; boys taking the corn in their arms and carrying it to the binders; and others driving wicker sledges to the spot, where men and women were forming stacks. Groups of gleaners* finished the picture. As

he gazed, Colonna could not avoid contrasting this scene with those in the counties of Worcester and Kent, where the men were, probably, at that very moment, drawing the hop-poles out of the earth; the women taking their loaded stems; and, with their children, picking the clusters off the plants, and throwing them into baskets: the whole enlivened by the occasional song of hope and merriment.

"Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band;
When falls before the mountaineer,
On lowland plains, the ripened ear."

Scott.

BEAUTY OF COLOURS.

"Nothing in nature is more beautiful than her colours. Every flower is compounded of different shades; almost every mountain is clothed with herbs, different from the one opposed to it; and every field has its peculiar hue.

"Colour is to scenery what the en-tablature is to architecture, and harmony to language. Nature, therefore, delights in no fixed colour: for even her green is so well contrasted, that the foliage of woods presents to our sight all the shades of an emerald, and all the combinations of innumerable chaplets. Colours are, indeed, so fascinating to the eye, that, in the East, there has long prevailed a method of signifying the passions, which is there called the love-language of colours. This rhetoric was introduced into Spain by the Arabians. Yellow expressed doubt; black, sorrow; green, hope; purple, constancy; blue, jealousy; white, content; and red, the greatest possible satisfaction. In regard to mourning, it may not be irrelevant to remark that, though most Europeans mourn in black, the ancient Spartans, Romans, and Chinese, mourned in white; the Egyptians in yellow; the Ethiopians in brown; the Turks in violet; while kings and cardinals indicate their grief in purple.

"With as much facility may we number the leaves of the trees, the billows of the ocean, or the sands of the beach, as describe the various blendings

* In ancient times persons were allowed to glean in orchards and vineyards, as well as in the corn-fields. Esdras seems to allude to this custom, II. ch. xvi. v. 29, 30, 31.

of colours in stones, just washed by the waves: or the gradations and successions of tints, in shells, minerals, and flowers. These meltings of various hues may, not inaptly, be styled the melody of colours. Sir Isaac Newton having remarked, that the breadths of the seven primary colours were proportional to the seven musical notes of the gamut; Father Cashel conceived that colours had their harmonies as well as music; and he, in consequence, constructed an instrument,† which he called an ocular harpsichord. The office of this instrument, says Goldsmith, was to reflect all the combinations of the primary colours in regular succession; the prismatic rays furnishing the notes, and their shades the semitones.

“In Japan, clouds frequently assume the shapes of irregular fortifications; giving great richness and variety to the vast etherial concave. At the tropics, they roll themselves into enormous masses, as white as snow; turning their borders into the forms of hills: piling themselves upon each other; and frequently exhibiting the shapes of caverns, rocks, and mountains. There, as may be collected from St. Pierre, may be perceived, amid endless ridges, a multitude of valleys, whose openings are distinguished by shades of purple and vermillion. These celestial valleys exhibit, in their various colours, matchless tints of white, melting into shades of different colours. Here and there may be observed torrents of light, issuing from the dark sides of the mountains, and pouring their streams, like ingots of gold and silver, over rocks of coral. These appearances are not more to be admired for their beauty, than for their endless combinations; since they vary every instant. What, a moment before was luminous, becomes coloured; what was coloured mingles into shade; forming singular and most beautiful representations of islands and hamlets,

bridges stretched over wide rivers, immense ruins, huge rocks, and gigantic mountains.”

THE RAINBOW.

“The poets feigned the rainbow to be the residence of certain ærial creatures, whose delight it is to sport and wanton in the clouds. Milton, in his exquisite pastoral drama of *Comus*, thus alludes to this platonic idea:—

I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creature in the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

“Shakspeare is the only writer, who has alluded to the colours, which are reflected on the eyes when suffused with tears. The rainbow, which, not improbably, first suggested the idea of arches, though beautiful in all countries, is more particularly so in mountainous ones; for, independent of their frequency, it is impossible to conceive anything more grand, than the appearance of this fine arch, when its points rest upon the opposite sides of a narrow valley, or on the peaked summits of precipitate mountains. The Scandinavians believed it to connect earth with heaven; and gave it, for a guardian, a Being, called *Heimdaller*.

“It is impossible to see a rainbow without feeling admiration towards the Power that forms it! One of the glories which are said to surround the throne of Heaven, is a rainbow like an emerald. In the *Apocalypse* it is described, as encircling the head of an angel; in *Ezekiel*, the four cherubim are compared to a cloud arched with it.”

These extracts, brief though they are, will shew the scope of the author's design, and the tendency of his mind. He appears to be an amiable, kind-hearted individual, and we trust that his work will find friends among the lovers of nature and of humanity.

† The powers of expressing colour by sound is fancifully illustrated in Mons. Bombet's *lives of Haydn and Mozart*:—

“*Wind Instruments*.—Trombone, deep red; trumpet, scarlet; clarionette, orange; oboe, yellow; bassoon, deep yellow; flute, sky blue; Diapason, deeper blue; double diapason, purple; horn, violet.

“*Stringed instruments*.—Violin, pink; viola, rose; violoncello, red; double bass, deep crimson red.”

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

THE following extraordinary relation of a supposed supernatural appearance I received from the mouth of a man of veracity, and a scholar. It was related by a professor of physic in the University of Strasburgh, in which my informant was a student. The professor was a man of the strictest probity, and an eye-witness of the mysterious, and, as it proved, fatal occurrence to which I allude. On his death-bed he solemnly avowed to a party of students, who interrogated him whether he had related the story merely to excite their wonder, or whether what he asserted was a fact? that the affair was undoubtedly true, but that the agency by which it was performed was to him inexplicable. If you think proper to lay it before your readers it is at your service. I am respectfully, Sir, yours, &c.* Δ.

Professor K——, of the University of Strasburgh, in the former part of his life resided at Frankfort on the Main, where he exercised the profession of a physician. One day being invited to dine with a party of gentlemen, after dinner, as is the custom in Germany, coffee was brought in; an animated conversation commenced, various subjects were introduced, and at length the discourse turned upon apparitions, &c. K—— was amongst those who strenuously combated the idea of supernatural visitations, as preposterous and absurd in the highest degree. A gentleman, who was a captain in the army, with equal zeal supported the opposite side of the question.

The question was long and warmly contended, both being men of superior talents, till in the end the attention of the whole company was engrossed by the dispute. At length the captain, proposed to K—— to accompany him that evening to his country house, where, if he did not convince him of

the reality of supernatural agency, he would then allow himself, in the estimation of the present company, to whom he appealed as judges of the controversy, to be defeated. The professor, with a laugh, instantly consented to the proposal, if the Captain, on his honour, would promise that no trick should be played off upon him: the Captain readily gave his word and honour that no imposition or trick should be resorted to, and here for the present the matter rested. Wine and tobacco now circulated, briskly, and the afternoon passed in the utmost harmony and conviviality. The Captain took his glass cheerfully, while K—— prudently reserved himself, to be completely on his guard against any manœuvre that might be practised in order to deceive him, or, as he properly observed, 'to be in full and sober possession of his faculties, that whatever should be presented to his sight, might be examined through the medium of his reason.' The company broke up at rather an early hour, and the Captain and K—— set out together on their *spiritual* adventure. When they drew near the Captain's house, he suddenly stopped near the entrance to a solemn grove of trees. They descended from their vehicle, and walked towards the grove. The Captain traced a large circle on the ground, into which he requested K—— to enter. He then solemnly asked him if he possessed sufficient resolution to remain there alone to complete the adventure; to which K—— replied in the affirmative. He added further, 'whatever you may witness, stir not, I charge you, from this spot, till you see me again; if you step beyond this circle, it will be your immediate destruction.' He then left the professor to his own meditations, who could not refrain from smiling at what he thought the assumed solemnity

* We insert this account with pleasure, as a pleasing miscellany; though its resemblance to the Ghost of Schiller will strike many of our readers. ED.

of his acquaintance, and the whimsical situation in which he was placed. The night was clear and frosty, and the stars shone with a peculiar brilliancy : he looked around on all sides to observe from whence he might expect his ghostly visitant. He directed his regards towards the grove of trees : he perceived a small spark of fire at a considerable distance within its gloomy shade. It advanced nearer ; he then concluded it was a torch borne by some person who was in the Captain's secret, and who was to personate a ghost. It advanced nearer and more near ; the light increased ; it approached the edge of the circle wherein he was placed. 'It was then,' to use his own expressions, 'I seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere : the heavens and every object before visible were excluded from my sight.' But now a figure of the most undefinable description absorbed his whole attention ; his imagination had never yet conceived any thing so truly fearful. What appeared to him the more remarkable, was an awful benignity portrayed in its countenance, and with which it appeared to regard him. He contemplated for a while this dreadful object, but at length fear began insensibly to arrest his faculties. He sunk down on his knees to implore the protection of heaven ; he remarked, for his eyes were still riveted on the mysterious appearance, which remained stationary, and earnestly regarded him, that at every repetition of the name of the Almighty, it assumed a more benignant expression of countenance, whilst a terrific brilliancy gleamed from its eyes. He fell prostrate on the ground, fervently imploring heaven to remove from him the object of his terrors. After a while he raised his head, and beheld the mysterious light fading by degrees in the gloomy shades of the grove from which it issued. It soon entirely disappeared, and the Captain joined him almost at the same moment. During their walk to the Captain's house, which was close at hand, the Captain asked his companion, 'Are you convinced that what you have now witnessed was supernatural?' K—— replied, 'he could

not give a determinate answer to that question ; he could not on natural principles account for what he had seen, it certainly was not like any thing earthly, he therefore begged to be excused from saying any more on a subject which he could not comprehend.' The Captain replied, 'he was sorry he was not convinced ;' and added, with a sigh, 'he was still more sorry that he had ever attempted to convince him.' Thus far it may be considered as no more than a common phantasmagorical trick, played off on the credulity of the Professor ; but in the end the performer paid dearly for his exhibition : he had, like a person ignorant of a complicated piece of machinery, given impetus to a power which he has not the knowledge to controul, and which in the end proves fatal to him who puts it in motion. K—— now assumed a gaiety which was very foreign to his feelings ; his thoughts, in spite of his endeavours, were perpetually recurring to the events of the evening ; but in proportion as he forced conversation, the Captain evidently declined it, becoming more and more thoughtful and abstracted every moment. After supper K—— challenged his friend to take a glass of wine, hoping it would rouse him from those reflections which seemed to press so heavy on his mind. But the wine and the Professor's discourse were alike disregarded : nothing could dispel the settled melancholy which seemed to deprive him of the power of speech. I must observe, that immediately after supper, the Captain had ordered all his servants to bed. It drew towards midnight, and he remained still absorbed in thought, but apparently not wishing to retire to bed. K—— was silently smoking his pipe, when on a sudden a heavy step is heard in the passage ; it approaches the room in which they are sitting,—a knock is heard : the Captain raises his head and looks mournfully at K——. The knock is repeated—both are silent : a third knock is heard, and K—— breaks the silence by asking his friend why he does not order the person in. Ere the Captain could reply, the room door was flung wildly open, when behold!

the same dreadful appearance which K——had already witnessed stood in the door way. Its awful benignity of countenance was now changed into the most appalling and terrific frown. A large dog which was in the room crept whining and trembling behind the Captain's chair. For a few moments the figure remained stationary, and then motioned the Captain to follow it; he rushed towards the door, the figure receded before him, and K——, determined to accompany his friend, followed with the dog. They proceeded unobstructed into the court yard; the doors and gates seemed to open spontaneously before them. From the court yard they passed into the open fields; K—— with the dog were about 20 or 30 paces behind the Captain. At length they reached the spot near to the entrance of the grove, where the circle was traced; the figure stood still, when on a sudden a bright column of flame shot up, a loud shriek was

heard, a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height, and in a moment after all was silence and darkness. K—— called loudly on the Captain, but received no answer. Alarmed for the safety of his friend, he fled back to the house, and quickly assembled the family. They proceeded to the spot, and found the apparently lifeless body of the Captain stretched on the ground. The Professor ascertained, on examination, that the heart still beat faintly; he was instantly conveyed home, and all proper means were resorted to to restore animation; he revived a little, and seemed sensible of their intentions; but remained speechless till his death, which took place in three days after. Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or severe bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighbourhood, and his sudden death was attributed to apoplexy.

(Literary Gazette, April 1821.)

NEW (ANTARCTIC) LAND.

RESPECTING this country, the discovery of which was first announced in our work,* the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal has obtained some further interesting accounts. They occur in a notice of a second voyage, under E. Barnfield, master of the *Andromache*, who was dispatched in the brig which originally visited New Shetland, (the *William*) in order to ascertain the truth of the statements brought by Mr. Smith and his crew. The writer says, "We sailed from Valparaiso on the 20th of December 1819, but did not arrive on cruising ground till the 16th of January 1820, having been almost constantly harrassed with baffling winds and calms till we arrived in a high southern latitude. On that day, however, we had the good fortune to discover the land to the south-eastward, extending on both bows as far as the eye could reach. At a distance, its limits could scarcely be distinguished

from the light white clouds which floated on the tops of the mountains. Upon a nearer approach, however, every object became distinct. The whole line of coast appeared high, bold, and rugged; rising abruptly from the sea in perpendicular snowy cliffs, except here and there where the naked face of a barren black rock shewed itself amongst them. In the interior, the land, or rather the snow, sloped gradually and gently upwards into high hills, which appeared to be situated some miles from the sea. No attempt was made to land here, as the weather became rather threatening, and a dense fog came on, which soon shut every thing from our view at more than a hundred yards distance. A boat had been sent away in the mean time to try for anchorage; but they found the coast completely surrounded by dangerous sunken rocks, and the bottom so foul, and the water so deep, that it was not

* See in our volume for the last year, (Ath. vol. 8. p. 115,) an account given of the voyage of the *William*, of Blythe, Smith master.

thought prudent to go nearer the shore in the brig, especially as it was exposed to almost every wind. The boat brought off some seals and penguins which had been shot among rocks; but they reported them to be the only animated objects they had discovered. The latitude of this part of the coast was found to be $62^{\circ} 26'$ S. and its longitude to be $10^{\circ} 54'$ W.†

"Three days after this, we discovered and anchored in an extensive bay, about two degrees farther to the eastward, where we were enabled to land, and examine the country. Words can scarcely be found to describe its barrenness and sterility. Only one small spot of land was discovered on which a landing could be effected upon the Main, every other part of the bay being bounded by the same inaccessible cliffs which we had met with before. We landed on a shingle beach, on which there was a heavy surf beating, and from which a small stream of fresh water ran into the sea. Nothing was to be seen but the rugged surface of barren rocks, upon which myriads of sea-fowls had laid their eggs, and which they were then hatching. These birds were so little accustomed to the sight of any other animal, that, so far from being intimidated by our approach, they even disputed our landing, and we were obliged forcibly to open a passage for ourselves through them. They consisted principally of four species of the penguin; with albatrosses, gulls, pintadoes, shags, sea-swallows, and a bird about the size and shape of the common pigeon, and of a milk-white plumage, the only species we met with that was not web-footed. We also fell in with a number of the animals described in Lord Anson's voyage as the Sea-Lion, and said by him to be so plentiful at Juan Fernandez, many of which we killed. Seals were also pretty numerous; but though we walked some distance into the country, we could observe no trace either of inhabitants, or of any terrestrial animal. It would be impossible, indeed, for any but beasts of prey to subsist here, as

we met with no sort of vegetation except here and there small patches of stunted grass growing upon the surface of the thick coat of dung which the sea-fowls left in the crevices of the rocks, and a species of moss, which occasionally we met with adhering to the rocks themselves. In short, we traced the land nine or ten degrees east and west, and about three degrees north and south, and found its general appearance always the same, high, mountainous, barren, and universally covered with snow, except where the rugged summits of a black rock appeared through it, resembling a small island in the midst of the ocean; but from the lateness of the season, and the almost constant fogs in which we were enveloped, we could not ascertain whether it formed part of a continent, or was only a group of islands. If it is insular, there must be some of an immense extent, as we found a gulf nearly 150 miles in depth, out of which we had some difficulty in finding our way back again.

"The discovery of this land must be of great interest in a geographical point of view, and its importance to the commercial interests of our country, must be evident, from the very great numbers of whales with which we were daily surrounded; and the multitudes of the finest fur-seals and sea-lions which we met both at sea and on every point of the coast, or adjacent rocky islands, on which we were able to land. The fur of the former is the finest and longest I have ever seen; and from their having now become scarce in every other part of these seas, and the great demand for them both in Europe and India, they will, I have no doubt, become, as soon as the discovery is made public, a favourite speculation amongst our merchants. The oil procured from the sea-lion is, I am told, nearly equal in value to that of the spermaceti whale. And the great number of whales we saw every where near the land, must also be an important thing to our merchants, as they have lately been said to be very scarce to the northward.

"We left the coast on the 21st of March, and arrived at this on the 14th

† Within a few minutes of the first discovery.

of April, having touched at Juan Fernandez for refreshment."

It is a singular coincidence, that the biography of Capt. Cook closes (by way of summary) with the declaration, that the illustrious navigator had deci-

ded two great problems—namely, that there was no antarctic land, and no passage into the arctic polar sea. These unlucky assertions are, by a strange chance, both negatived in the same year. (1820.)

(English Magazines, April 1831.)

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM always called General Peter Von Blankensee by his Christian name. He once said to one of his pages, 'Tell Peter to come.' The page went and returned with the answer, that it was impossible for him to come, as he had the gout in his feet. 'Return to him instantly, (said the king,) and tell him, if he don't come directly, he shall ride the wooden horse.' The page delivered his message word for word; the General dressed himself hastily, and entered the king's chamber looking extremely cross. 'Why do you look so sour?' was the first thing that the king said to him. 'I don't know, (said the General,) why your Majesty threatens me with the wooden horse, if I did not appear before you instantly. Is that a treatment for an old and faithful servant and general, who lies ill in bed?' 'I didn't think of such a thing, (said the king,) don't be angry; it is a sheer mistake; I only wanted my gunsmith Wannery.' Wannery's Christian name was also Peter, and he commonly went by that name.

The Duke of Lorrain, afterwards Emperor Francis I, paid a visit to Frederick William in February 1732, at Berlin. There were with the king at that time, Ferdinand Albrecht Duke of Brunswick, and Eberhart Louis, Duke of Wirtemburgh, with his cousin and successor Charles Alexander. All these foreign princes were invited to the evening parties. Every evening at 9 o'clock, the officer on duty brought the king a written report, telling him at the same time, if any thing remarkable had happened. One evening he stated that

*See p. 187.

two soldiers had deserted. The king tried to suppress his anger, but said, 'What countrymen are they?' Prince Charles Alexander did not wait for the answer of the person questioned, but said, 'Frenchmen!' 'How does your Highness know that?' asked the king, astonished. 'All foreigners here are certainly very curious to know what has brought us foreign Princes to Berlin, but they have patience enough to wait the result quietly. This, however, is not the case with the French; they immediately sally forth on such occasions, to brag of what they have seen, and to make others feel that they have been witnesses, of what few or none can boast of.' They all laughed at this observation; but the deserters being taken and brought back, the king was very much surprised, when by the questions which he put to them he not only learnt that they were Frenchmen, but also that they had run away for the reasons which the Prince had assigned.

CHATTERTON.

The unfortunate Chatterton had written a political essay for "the North Briton," which opened with the flourish of "A spirited people freeing themselves from insupportable slavery." It was, however, though accepted, not printed, on account of the Lord Mayor's death. The patriot thus calculated the death of his great patron.

Lost by his death in this essay	£1 11 6
Gained in elegies ..	£2 2 0
— in essays ..	£3 3 0
	<hr/> 5 5 0

Am glad he is dead by £3 13 6

"GOING YOUR WAY."

Paul Hefferman was a man of learning and genius, notwithstanding the scurrility of Tom Davis, the bookseller, who did not dare while he lived to look *uncivilly* at him. The eccentricity of Paul was remarkable; he was always *going your way*. To try the experiment as far as it would go, a gentleman of his acquaintance, after treating him with a good supper at the Bedford Coffee House, took him by the hand, saying, "Good night, Paul." "Stay," says he, "I am going your way." His friend stepped onward, out of his own way, with Paul to Limehouse; when contriving to amuse him with the certain success of his tragedy, the Heroine of the Cave, afterwards performed with *no* success, he brought him back to Carpenter's Coffee House, in Covent Garden, at three o'clock in the morning: where, after drinking some coffee and punch, a new departure was taken, with, "Good morning, Paul; I am going to the Blue Boar, in Holborn." "Well," said Hefferman, "*That's in my way*;" and upon leaving his friend at the gate, he took his leave a second time, about five in the morning, and afterwards walked leisurely home to his lodgings, in College Street, Westminster.

AMANUENSES.

The Earl of Peterborough could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together, as (says Pope) I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do it, when ambassador at Turin. He walked round the room, and told each in his turn what he was to write. One was, perhaps, a letter to the Emperor; another, to an old friend; a third, to a mistress; a fourth, to a statesman; and so on; and yet he carried so many and so different connexions in his head, all at the same time.

A voluminous author was one day expatiating to Goldsmith, on the advantages of employing an amanuensis, and thus saving the trouble of writing. "How do you manage it?" said the doctor. "Why," replied the other, "I walk about the room and dictate to a clever man, who puts down very correctly all that I say, so that I have

nothing more to do, than just look over the manuscript, and then send it to the press." Goldsmith was delighted with the information, and desired his friend to send the amanuensis to him the next morning. The scribe accordingly waited upon the doctor, placed himself at the table with the paper before him, and his pen ready to catch the oracle. Goldsmith paced round and round the room with great solemnity for some time; but after racking his brain to no effect, he put his hand into his pocket, took out a guinea, and giving it to the amanuensis, said, "It won't do, my friend; I find that my head and my hand must go together."

ANECDOTE OF MAJOR VON SCHILL.

Major Schill, in his campaign, in 1806 and 1807, had taken with his volunteer corps, four extremely fine horses, intended for Buonaparte; who, when he heard of the circumstance, wrote to the Major to return them, engaging to pay him 1000 crowns in gold for each. This letter however was directed thus: "To the Captain of Banditti Schill." Schill's answer to this letter is as follows.

"Dear Brother,—I am the more pleased at having taken four of your horses, as I see by your letter, that you put so great a value upon them. But I cannot accept your 4000 crowns in gold for them; I am not at all in want of money; and besides I do not covet other people's property. If however instead of this, you will replace the four horses which you stole from the Brandenburg Gate at Berlin, you shall have the horses again which I have taken from you, without farther payment."

RETURNING A FEE.

Some years ago, an unsuccessful candidate for the borough of Berwick upon Tweed, preferred a petition to the House of Commons, and retained an eminent counsel with a fee of fifty guineas. Just before the business was about to come before the house, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his political sentiments, declined to plead. The candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in

vain ; he would not by any means consent either to plead or return the money ; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that the law was open, and he might have recourse to it, if he felt himself injured. ‘No, no, sir,’ replied the spirited client, ‘I was weak enough to give you a fee, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you, as I perceive my whole fortune may be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I find one honest barrister to plead for me. I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket!’ Then taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor ; and protested that before he quitted the room, he would either have his money or satisfaction. The money was accordingly returned ; but for want of so able an advocate, the justice of his cause did not prevent his losing it.

“THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.”

In the year 1736, two smugglers, of the names of Wilson and Robertson, robbed the Collector of the Customs at Kirkaldy of a considerable sum of money, which was the property of government. They were both taken, brought to trial, and condemned to death. The fate of these men was universally pitied ; but Wilson, by an act of extraordinary resolution, generosity, and fidelity, exalted the general sympathy to ardent admiration, and fixed it solely on himself. The two criminals under sentence of death were, according to custom, carried on a Sunday after their condemnation, to join in the weekly public services of religion. Four soldiers of the town guard of Edinburgh were their conductors : and they entered the church before the congregation had fully assembled, and before the commencement of the service. The prisoners were entrusted without fetters to the custody of their guard. In these circumstances, the church door being open, and the persons who were present not unfavourably disposed towards the criminals, Wilson, by a sudden effort of astonishing strength, grasped with each of his hands one of the attending soldiers, seized a third with his teeth, held them inextricably fast, and called

to his comrade Robertson to run for his life. Robertson did run, and made his escape. Wilson, overjoyed in having delivered his friend, remained patiently behind to suffer for his crimes.

Such is the historical fact of which the “Mysterious Unknown” has made such admirable use in his romance of “The Heart of Mid-Lothian.”

WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

Among the peculiar circumstances attending the dreadful wreck of the French vessel, the *Medusa*, on the Coast of Africa, the following is not among the least worthy of being recorded. After passing thirteen days on a raft, subject to every privation, and exposed to a parching heat which produced madness in all its hideous forms ; they at length were relieved from this perilous situation, having lost one hundred and thirty-five out of one hundred and fifty men. On shore they were crowded into an hospital, where medicaments, and even the common necessities of life, were wanting. An English merchant, who does good by stealth, and would blush to find it fame, went to see them. One of the poor unhappy wretches made the signal of a Freemason in distress ; it was understood, and the Englishman instantly said, “my brother, you must come to my house and make it your home.” The Frenchman nobly replied, “my brother, I thank you, but I cannot leave my companions in misfortune.” “Bring them with you,” was the answer ; and the hospitable Englishman maintained them all until he could place them beyond the reach of misfortune. M. Correard, bookseller of Paris, was one of the objects of this gentleman’s noble hospitality.

ANECDOTE.

In one of the poems of Calidasa (who flourished at the court of Vieramaditya, fifty-seven years before Christ, and from whose productions Sir William Jones has translated some favourable specimens) is to be found a couplet which has been thus rendered. “The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh blown *Milica*, like him who gives breath to the white conch in the procession of the God with five ar-

rows." A critic to whom the poet repeated this verse observed, that the comparison was not exact: since 'the bee sits on the blossom itself, and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him who blows a conch.' 'I was aware of that,' replied Calidasa, 'and therefore described the bee as *intoxicated*: a drunken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end.' This was a very proper rebuke, and doubtless annihilated for a space the arguments of the hypercritic. It was probably in this spirit that our divine Milton observed, in reply to the importunities of a friend, as to some assumed contradictions and inconsistencies in the

speeches of Satan to his peers, in *Paradise Lost*; that, admitting the fact to be as was represented, it would have been improper and out of character, for the devil, who is the *father of lies*, to have delivered several long speeches without any deviation from truth or consistency! As we have not seen this anecdote quoted in any of the published lives of the poet, it may not be improper to state the source from whence we derived it. It is written in latin, in a cramped and curious hand, on a fly leaf of Fenton's *Life of Milton*, in the possession of a gentleman now on the continent. We have no further means of vouching for its authenticity.

(Literary Gazette.)

A NARRATIVE OF TRAVELS IN NORTHERN AFRICA,

Accompanied by Geographical notices of Soudan, and of the Course of the Niger, &c. &c.

BY CAPT. G. F. LYON, COMPANION OF MR. RITCHIE.

CAPTAIN Lyon commences with a modest preface, honourable to his deceased fellow traveller, Ritchie, and to his own heart; and this is followed by a chart of his route, on a good plan, and well executed. After narrating the circumstances which led him to volunteer his services, the gallant author carries us with him; Mr. Ritchie; a French artist, called Dupont; and a shipwright named John Belford, (who formed the expeditionary party) to Tripoli, where, to facilitate their enterprize, they assumed the dress and appellation of Moslems.

Arabian Horses.—"The Arabs consider a large belly as very handsome; and some horses, from the nature of their food, acquire such rotundity in this respect, that they appear like mares in foal. A light mane and tail on a chesnut horse is considered unlucky: the colour, though common, is not much admired, and the feet of such animals are accounted soft and tender. Bay is the favourite colour next to grey, which is much in request, the Bashaw generally riding horses of this description. Much importance is attached to the manner in which the legs

are coloured, stockinged horses being in the extremes of good or bad luck, according to the disposition of the white. If both fore-legs are marked, it is good; if one hind, and one fore-leg are marked on the same side, it is very unlucky; or if one alone is white, it is equally unfortunate; but if opposite legs (off-fore and near-hind) are light, nothing can be more admired. Ridiculous as these fancies may appear, they nevertheless influence the price of horses, sometimes to even a sixth of their value."

Captain Lyon does not seem to be aware, that like most other nations apparently superstitious, these opinions on horse-flesh, may have their origin in a shrewd observance of nature. Many old freaks and ancient follies, as they are thought, have begun in this way, and been sanctified, as it were, by some religious association, in order to obtain for them a more general assent among the multitude. And even in our own country, this very prejudice about the colour of a horse's legs, is as firmly rooted as in Africa; and, according to the rhyme, a Yorkshire groom is as prone to believe as an Arab devotee—

One white foot, buy a horse ;
 Two white feet, try a horse ;
 Three white feet, look well about him ;
 And four white feet, go without him.

"On the 22d of April we left Sockna in company with the Sultan. At 11. 30. we were attended clear of the town by a great multitude of people, and a prayer being recited the horsemen all stopped, holding their open hands with the palms towards heaven. After this, each one kissed the Sultan's hand, and returned home. At one we passed a small spring, the only one in the country, of about two feet in diameter, in which the water was pretty good. The Sultan here told us, with an air of firm belief, that a Marabout once travelling this way, was overcome by thirst, and that by striking the ground with his stick (in the name of God), this water arose. At 3. 30. we entered a wadey in the Soudah mountains, called Octooffa, bearing from Sockna south by west, and at six encamped near a well of tolerably good water, called Gutfa. Our place of encampment was a small plain, without any other vegetation than a few prickly bushes of talbh. This spot was surrounded on every side by high mountains of basalt, which gave it the appearance of being in the crater of a volcano. We here presented our Bouzaferr, which is a kind of footing paid by all travellers on entering Fezzan, and is attended with ceremonies something similar to those on crossing the line. Should any person refuse the necessary distribution of food, the Arabs dig a grave, telling him it is made expressly for him, and howling as for a dead person, with many other ridiculous pranks which generally produce the wished for feast. We took with us for this purpose, two sheep and a quantity of meal, and distributed portions to all the tents, much to the satisfaction of our fellow travellers. Lilla Fatma also paid her footing, as did one or two others, who had never before passed these mountains."

Having arrived at Mourzouk on the 4th of May our countrymen established their quarters there as Mamlukes, and to support the character went regu-

larly to Mosque, performed the Mahometan prostrations, repeated the prayers, and acted in every point as became the Faithful.

He saw many of the Taurick tribe or nation.

"The manner of riding among these people is very singular. They have swift tall camels, called Maherry (the Haric of travellers,) with which they perform extraordinary journeys. The saddle is placed on the withers, and confined by a band under the belly. It is very small, and difficult to sit, which is done by balancing with the feet against the neck of the animal, and holding a tight rein to steady the head. They manage these creatures with great dexterity, fighting when mounted on them, and firing at marks when at full speed, which is a long trot, in which the maherry can continue at about nine miles an hour for many hours together. They do not much esteem horses, and never buy them but for the purpose of exchanging them for slaves in Soudan."

"In August, a large Kaffié of Arabs, Tripolines and Tibbo, arrived from Bornou, bringing with them 1400 slaves of both sexes and of all ages, the greater part being females. Care was taken that the hair of the females should be arranged in nice order, and that their bodies should be well oiled, whilst the males were closely shaven, to give them a good appearance on entering the town."

"The Tibboo, who bring the slaves from Bornou, are of the tribes on the road; and some are from Fezzan. They are more careful of their horses than of their families, sparing no expense to fatten them; this is done by cramming them with large balls of meal or dough, which are considered highly nourishing. A fine horse will, in the Negro country, sell for 10 or 15 negroes; each of which, at the Barbary ports, is worth from 80 to 150 dollars.

"All the traders speak of slaves as farmers do of cattle. Those recently brought from the interior were fattening, in order that they might be able to go on to Tripoli, Benghazi, or Egypt: thus a distance of 1600 or 1800 miles is to be traversed, from the time these

poor creatures are taken from their homes, before they can be settled; whilst in the interior they may, perhaps, be doomed to pass through the hands of eight or ten masters, who treat them well or ill according to their pleasure.

"*Tombuctoo*—is about 90 days journey from Morzouk, and the road thence is through Tuat. From the account given by merchants, it appears that it is not so large a town as has been imagined; and indeed some agree in saying that it is not more extensive than Morzouk. It is walled; the houses are very low, and with the exception of one or two small streets, are built irregularly. Huts of mats seem to be in greater numbers than the houses.

"The merchants to whom I suggested the idea, generally agree with me, that the immense population which is said to exist there may be thus accounted for. Many of the kaffles from Morocco, Ghadams, Tripoli, and the Negro states along the banks of the Nil, are obliged to remain there during the rainy season, or until their goods are sold. During their stay, they find it necessary to build huts, or houses, to shelter themselves and their merchandise. These buildings are got up in a few days; and thus perhaps ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants may, in the course of a month, be added to the population, which occasions *Tombuctoo* to be thought an immense town by those who are only there at the same time as other strangers; but when the causes which detain the travellers cease, the place appears (what in reality it is said to be) insignificant. Thus it is that the accounts of it differ so much."

Buffalo and Ostrich.—"There is a chain of mountains, a few miles east of the town, called Wadan, on account of the immense number of buffaloes to be found there, and which are of three species; viz. the Wadan, an animal of the size of an ass, having very large horns, short reddish hide, and large bunches of hair hanging from each shoulder, to the length of eighteen inches, or two feet: they have very large heads, and are very fierce. The Bogra el Weish, which is a red buffalo, slow in its motions, having large horns,

and being of the size of an ordinary cow; and the white buffalo, of a lighter and more active make, very shy and swift, and not easily procured. The calving time of these animals is in April or May. There are also in these mountains great quantities of ostriches, by hunting which many of the natives subsist. All the Arabs here agree respecting the manner in which these birds sit on their eggs, and which I was not before aware of. They are not left to be hatched by the warmth of the sun, but the parent bird forms a rough nest, in which she covers from fourteen to eighteen eggs, and regularly sits on them in the same manner as the common fowl does on her chickens; the male occasionally relieving the female. It is during the breeding season that the greatest numbers are procured, the Arabs shooting the old ones while on their nests. At all the three towns, Sockna, Hoon, and Wadan, it is the custom to keep tame ostriches in a stable, and, in two years, to take three cuttings of their feathers. I imagine, from what I have seen of the skins of ostriches brought for sale, that all the fine feathers sent to Europe are from tame birds; the wild ones being generally so ragged and torn, that not above half a dozen good perfect ones can be found. The white feathers are what I allude to; the black, being shorter and more flexible, are generally good."

Of the sultan's children at Mourzouk, the author gives a curious account.

"I was," says he, "much struck with the appearance of his daughters, one of three, the other of one year and a half old, who were dressed in the highest style of barbarian magnificence, and were absolutely laden with gold. From their necks were suspended large ornaments of the manufacture of *Tombuctoo*, and they had massive gold armlets and anklets of two inches in breadth, and half an inch in thickness, which, from their immense weight, had produced callous rings round the legs and arms of the poor infants. They wore silk shirts, composed of ribbons sewed together in stripes of various colours, which hung down over silk trowsers. An embroidered waistcoat and cap

completed this overwhelming costume. Their nails, the tips of their fingers, the palms of their hands, and the soles of their feet, were dyed dark brown with henna. I had viewed with amazement and pity the dress of these poor little girls, borne down as they were by finery; but that of the youngest boy, a stupid-looking child of four years old, was even more preposterous than that of his sisters. In addition to the ornaments worn by them, he was loaded with a number of charms, enclosed in gold cases, slung round his body; in his cap were numerous jewels, heavily set in gold in the form of open hands, to keep off the effects of the 'Evil Eye.' These talismans were sewn on the front of his cap, which they entirely covered. His clothes were highly embroidered, and consisted of three waistcoats, a shirt of white silk, (the women only wearing coloured ones,) and loose cloth, silk, or muslin trowsers. * *

Apropos des bottes—talking of marriages, Capt. L. proceeds—

"One singularity I must remark of Fezzan, which is that fleas are unknown there, and those of the inhabitants who have not been on the sea coast cannot imagine what they are like. Bugs are very numerous, and it is extraordinary that they are called by the same name as with us. There is a species of them which is found in the sands, where kafflés are in the habit of stopping; they bite very sharply, and fix in numbers round the coronet of a horse: the animals thus tormented often become so outrageous as to break their tethers."

Old Hadje was a great story-teller, and entertained our countrymen with his relations over their evening fire.

"Religion was generally the subject of these tales, which, when related by the old Hadje, were usually prefaced thus: 'When a man has been three times to the holy house, as I have been, he begins to know something, thank God!' He repeated many marvellous stories of the country of Sindi, or Persia, in which is the bed of the sun, and where grows a tree bearing a fruit resembling a coffin. This growing daily larger until ripe, at last bursts, and out

of it a man drops to the ground, who cries 'Wauk, wauk; in the name of the merciful God,' and instantly expires, sinking suddenly into the earth. He told me that in Paradise the prophets are permitted by God to ride on animals of extraordinary beauty, called Borak, whose form is something like that of an antelope, and their swiftness such, that in the twinkling of an eye they can spring out of sight. All the prophets ride on the bare backs of these animals, but Allah, out of love for Sidina (our Lord) Mohammed, gave him a golden saddle, on which he parades before the faithful. Many more stories equally extraordinary are told and believed all over the country; and in Mourzouk are a few copies of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and the voyages of Sindèbad the Sailor, which are as fully accredited as the Koran itself."

"There are no written records of events amongst the Fezzanners, and their traditions are so disfigured, and so strangely mingled with religious and superstitious falsehoods, that no confidence can be placed in them; yet the natives themselves look with particular respect on a man capable of talking of 'the people of the olden time.' Several scriptural traditions are selected and believed. The psalms of David, the Pentateuch, the books of Solomon, and many extracts from the inspired writers, are universally known, and most reverentially considered. The New Testament translated into Arabic, which we, (says Capt. L.) took with us, was eagerly read, and no exception made to it, but that of our Saviour being designated as the Son of God. St. Paul, or Baulus, bears all the blame of Mohammed's name not being inserted in it; as they believe that his coming was foretold by Christ, but that Paul erased it: he is, therefore, called a Kaffir, and his name is not used with much reverence."

"I never before had an opportunity of observing how water is procured from the belly of a camel, to satisfy the thirst of an almost perishing Kafflé. It is the false stomach which contains the water and undigested food. This is strained through a cloth, and then drank."

(Literary Gazette, April 31.)

SPRING IN ENGLAND, 1821.

[We are indebted for the following lines to the author of *The Harp in the Desert*, &c. Ismael Fitzadams, known so advantageously to the public as the Sailor Poet.]

To Miss — who promised to bring me a Snow-Drop. — Written during Sickness.

THOU saidst thy hand would gently shed
Spring's first-born child, the snow-drop dear,
From shelterless and lonely bed,
And bring the herald-blossom here—
I would have kissed the lucid thing,
Redeem'd from winter's icy wing,
And call'd thee Love's soft queen protecting timid
Spring.

Yet March hath own'd a better day,
And nymphs begin to braid the bower:
Yet longing weeks have lagged away,
Nor hast thou come, nor other flower—
And is it, Mary, sadly true,
That women's words are but as dew,
Descending all as soft, as soon exhaling too?

Time was, and memory weeps that time,
With other step when went to move,
I met young spring on mountain elime,
Or roamed the rocks in quest of love.
Then sang my wild harp welcome wild,
Health's sun rose bright, and beauty smiled,
I was a weak, indeed, but happy, happy child.

That sun hath fled my riper day,
Or feebly gleams, eclips'd and dim;
And who will sooth the sick man's way?
Nor Spring revives, nor flower, for him,
Nor beauty lights his lonely bower;
He weeps away his vernal hour,
Nightly and lone he weeps, like that rash snow-drop
flower.

On earth the wretch can lose no more,
O blessed health! who loath thee:
A nuisance cast on life's lee shore,
Like shattered bark, unworthy sea—
The war-ship's streamers flaunt on high,
The merry pinnace dances by,
Unheeding all of him, there laid alone to die.

Even she, whose sweetly-artless wile
Might wake a dawn round dark decree,
Withdraws the spring that waits her smile,
Nor deigns to cull a flower for me;
From sickness, beauty turns her ray,
And love as lightly wings away,
No solace left me now but harping simple lay.

OMENS.

IN the days when the belief in omens flourished in England, the following were deemed lucky. If, on setting out on a journey a sow with pigs were met, the journey would be successful; to meet two magpies, portended marriage; three, a successful journey; four, unexpected good news; and five, that the person would soon be in the company of the great. If in dressing, a person put his stockings on wrong side out, it was a sign of good luck; but the luck would be changed, if the stockings were turned the right way. Nothing could ensure success to a person going on important business more effectually, than throwing an old shoe after him when he left the house. If a younger sister were married before the elder ones, the latter should dance at her wedding without shoes, otherwise they will never get husbands. To find a horse-shoe is deemed lucky, and it is still more so, if it be preserved

and nailed upon the door, as it thus prevents witchcraft.

In England, and more particularly in Wales, according to Pennant, it is a good omen if the sun shine on a married couple, or if it rains when a corpse is burying. According to the old distich,

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,
Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on.

The unlucky omens in England are, to see one magpie, and then more; to kill a magpie is a terrible misfortune. It is also unlucky to kill a swallow, or more properly the house-martin. If, on a journey, a sow crosses the road, the person, if he cannot pass it, must ride round about, otherwise bad luck will attend his journey. If a lover presents a knife or any thing sharp to his mistress, it portends that their loves will be cut asunder, unless he takes a pin, or some other trifling article, in

exchange. To find a knife or a razor, portends disappointment ; a piece of coal starting from the fire, of a hollow form, portends death. To spill the salt, or lay the knife and fork across each other at table, is very ominous ; if there be in company thirteen, some misfortune will befall one of them. The noise of the small insect called a death-watch, foretells death ; and the screech-owl at midnight, some great misfortune.

If the cheek burns, or the ear tingles, it is a sign that some person is talking of one ; and the coming of strangers is foretold by what is called "a thief in the candle." Friday is an unlucky day to be married, and yellow is an ominous colour for an unmarried woman to wear ; in plucking a "merry-thought," the person who gets the largest share will be married before the other.

In the highlands of Scotland omens are very numerous ; it is unlucky to stumble at the threshold, or to be obliged to return for any thing forgot. To step over a gun, or a fishing-rod, spoils sport. If, when the servant is making a bed, she happens to sneeze, the sleep of the person who is to lie in it will be disturbed, unless a little of the straw (with which most beds in the Highlands were, till very lately, filled) is taken out, and thrown into the fire. If a black cloud on New Year's eve is seen, it portends some dreadful calamity, either to the country, or to the person over whose estate or house it appears. The day of the week on which the third of May falls, is deemed unlucky throughout the year. Friday is considered as unlucky for many things, especially for digging peat, or taking an account of the sheep or cattle on the farm. Under the persuasion, that whatever is done during the waxing of

the moon, grows ; and whatever is done during her waning, decreases and withers ; they cut the turf which they intend for fences, and which of course they wish to grow, when the moon is on the increase ; but the turf which they intend for fuel, they cut when she is on the wane, as they wish it to dry speedily. If a house takes fire during the increase of the moon, it denotes prosperity ; if during her wane, poverty. In the Island of Mull, the first day of every quarter is deemed fortunate ; and Tuesday is the most lucky day for sowing their corn. The lucky omens in the Highlands are not many, and in general they are the same as those in other countries ; one, however seems peculiar to them—it is deemed lucky to meet a horse. In the Orkneys, Friday, which in most other places is reckoned an unfortunate day for this purpose, is generally chosen for marriage ; next to it, Thursday is fixed upon ; and the time when the moon is waxing is the most fortunate. When an Orkney fisherman is setting off from the shore, he takes special care to turn his boat in the direction of the sun's motion ; if he neglected this, he would not expect good luck. In the lowlands of Scotland, good or bad fortune throughout the year is thought to depend greatly upon the person who is first seen on New-Year's morning, or the "first foot," as it is called ; if the "first foot" be that of a friend, and fortunate person, the subsequent year will be fortunate. Under this idea, as soon as ever twelve o'clock at night announces the commencement of the New Year, it is customary, even in Edinburgh, to secure a lucky "first foot" of one's friends, even though it should be necessary to enter their chamber when they are fast asleep.

(Literary Gazette.)

ANIMAL FIDELITY.

ON the 8th February, 1821, a cause was tried by the Court of Assize of Ain in France, in which the assassin of a man named Fleuret was condemn-

ed on evidence not unlike that of the famous *Dog of Montargis*. The circumstances were these. The wife of Fleuret was anxiously looking for the

return of her husband, whose unusual absence filled her with fear, when about ten o'clock his dog arrived covered with wounds and stabs, especially in the belly, whence his bowels protruded. He laid his fore paws on his mistress, whined mournfully, licked her, and went to the door as if inviting her to follow him. The woman instantly conceived that her husband had been murdered, and gave herself up to the guidance of the dog, which conducted her to the place where the crime had been committed, and expired. The next

morning, the hat of Fleurot was found near the Rhone. The spot where he had had his last contest with the assassin was much trodden; the traces of men and of a dog struggling, were very evident; the rags with which the ground was strewn, bore testimony to the courage with which the dog had fought for his master; and his wounds and death showed, that after having defended him at the expense of his life, this faithful animal employed his last moments in avenging him.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

OF AUTOMATA.

WHILE political economists amuse themselves and the public with the nicely balanced powers of man as a propagating and eating animal, and philosophers and divines often assure us that he is, in other and higher respects, but a machine of a superior description; we, in especial deference to the latter grave authorities, have been entertaining ourselves with the notion of his mechanical construction, as contrasted with the various imitations of it, that have been occasionally offered to the world. We take it for granted, in this paper, that man is a machine, and shall not presume to arrogate for him any higher pretensions. We know nothing of his impulses as an animal, nor of the duties or influences to which he is subject as a rational being (if such he be;) we only propose to introduce to our readers a variety of claimants for the honour of having made a part of him—of imitating portions of his organs, in their actual exercise—and insulated actions of his very mind. What wonder, if, in the progress of these efforts, our artists should occasionally have struck off a complete and clever duck, a learned fly, or a royal eagle!

Automata* have been favourite objects of mechanical contrivance from a very early period. If the term, indeed,

may be allowed to include what some writers have considered under it, their history would quickly swell into a volume. The celebrated Glanvil, for instance, speaks of "the art whereby the Almighty governs the nations of the great automaton" of the universe! Bishop Wilkins ranks the sphere of Archimedes amongst the *αὐτομάματα*, or "such as move only according to the contrivance of their several parts, and not according to their whole frame." It was in fact, an early orrery, according to Claudian:

Jupiter in parvo eum cerneret æthera vitro,
Risit, et ad superos talia dicta dedit;
Hucine mortalis progressa potentia curæ?
Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor, &c.

The learned prelate has even extended the application of the term to machines moved (in consequence of their peculiar construction) by external forces or elements, as mills, ships, &c. Its modern acceptation, however, and that to which we shall restrict ourselves, will not include all machines that are self, or internally moved. It is confined to the mechanical imitation of the functions and actions of living animals, and particularly those of man.

The celebrated story of the statue of Memnon (one of the wonders of Ancient Egypt) has some pretensions to lead the way in this historical sketch. We have positive testimony to the

* A self-excited, or self-moving machine.

circumstance of the most beautiful sounds being emitted from this statue, at the rising and setting of the sun; and from the pedestal after the statue was overthrown. What was the contrivance in this case, it may be vain to conjecture; but automata are, by profession, a puzzling race. If a certain disposition of strings, exposed to the rarefaction of the air, or to the morning and evening breezes, after the manner of our *Æolian* harps, produced these sounds; or if any method of arranging the internal apertures so as to receive them from a short distance, were the artifice, a considerable acquaintance with the science of music, and with acoustics generally, will be argued. Wilkins quotes a musical invention of Cornelius Dreble of similar pretensions, which "being set in the sunshine, would, of itself, render a soft and pleasant harmony, but being removed into the shade would presently become silent."

The statues and the flight of *Dædalus* are equally famous—and, perhaps, fabulous. Aristotle, however, speaks of the former in his treatise *De Anima*, l. i. c. 3, as successful imitations of the human figure and human functions in walking, running, &c. and attempts to account for their motions by the concealment of quicksilver.

Archytas' flying dove (originally mentioned in Favorinus) is another of the ancient automata. The inventor is said to have flourished about B. C. 400, and was a Pythagorean philosopher at Tarentum. It was made of wood, and the principal circumstance of its history, which Favorinus mentions, is, that like some other birds of too much wing, when it alighted on the ground, it could not raise itself up again.

Friar Bacon, we all know, made a brazen head that could speak, and that seems to have assisted, in no small degree, in proclaiming him a magician. Albertus Magnus is also said to have devoted thirty years of his life to the construction of an automaton, which the celebrated Thomas Aquinas broke purposely to pieces. Men, treated as these were by the age in which they

lived, had no encouragement to hope that any details of their labours would reach posterity.

Amongst the curiosities of his day, Walchius mentions an iron spider of great ingenuity. In size it did not exceed the ordinary inhabitants of our houses, and could creep or climb with any of them, wanting none of their powers, except, of which nothing is said, the formation of the web. Various writers of credit, particularly Kircher, Porta, and Bishop Wilkins, relate that the celebrated Regiomontanus, (John Muller) of Nuremberg, ventured a loftier flight of art. He is said to have constructed a self-moving wooden eagle, which descended toward the Emperor Maximilian as he approached the gates of Nuremberg, saluted him, and hovered over his person as he entered the town. This philosopher, according to the same authorities, also produced an iron fly, which would start from his hand at table, and after flying round to each of the guests, returned, as if wearied, to the protection of his master.

An hydraulic clock, presented to the Emperor Charlemagne, by the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, merits record in the history of these inventions. It excited the admiration of all Europe at the period of its arrival. Twelve small doors divided the dial into the twelve hours, and opened successively as each hour arrived, when a ball fell from the aperture on a brazen bell and struck the time, the door remaining open. At the conclusion of every twelve hours, twelve mounted knights, handsomely caparisoned, came out simultaneously from the dial, rode round the plate and closed the doors. Dr. Clarke, in his last volume of *Travels*, mentions a similar contrivance, in a clock at Lubeck, of the high antiquity of 1405. Over the face is an image of Jesus Christ, on either side of which are folding-doors, which fly open every day as the clock strikes twelve. A set of figures, representing the twelve apostles, then march forth on the left hand, and, bowing to our Saviour's image as they pass in succession, enter the door on the right. On the termination of

the procession the doors close. This clock is also remarkably complete (for the age) in its astronomical apparatus; representing the place of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, the moon's age, &c.

Similar appendages to clocks and time-pieces became too common at the beginning of the last century to deserve particular notice. We should not, however, omit some of the productions of the Le Droz family, of Neufchatel. About the middle of the century, the elder Le Droz presented a clock to the King of Spain, with a sheep and dog attached to it. The bleating of the former was admirably correct, as an imitation; and the dog was placed in custody of a basket of loose fruit. If any one removed the fruit, he would growl, snarl, gnash his teeth, and endeavour to bite until it was restored.

The son of this artist was the original inventor of the musical boxes, which have of late been imported into this country. Mr. Collinson, a correspondent of Dr. Hutton, thus clearly describes this fascinating toy in a letter to the Doctor.

"When at Geneva I called upon Droz, son of the original Droz of La Chaux de Fords (where I also went.) He shewed me an oval gold snuff-box, about, if I recollect right, four inches and a half long by three inches broad, and about an inch and a half thick. It was double, having an horizontal partition; so that it may be considered as one box placed on another, with a lid, of course, to each box. One contained snuff; in the other, as soon as the lid was opened, there rose up a very small bird, of green enamelled gold, sitting upon a gold stand. Immediately this minute curiosity wagged its tail, shook its wings, opened its bill of white enamelled gold, and poured forth, minute as it was (being only three quarters of an inch from the beak to the extremity of the tail) such a clear melodious song as would have filled a room of twenty or thirty feet square with its harmony."

"In Ozanam's Mathematical Recreations, we have an account, by the inventor, M. Camus, of an elegant

amusement of Louis XIV. when a boy. It represented a lady proceeding to court, in a small chariot drawn by two horses, and attended by her coachman, footman, and page. When the machine was placed at the end of a table of proper size, the coachman smacked his whip, the horses started off with all the natural motions, and the whole equipage drove on to the farther extremity of the table; it would now turn at right angles in a regular way, and proceed to that part of the table opposite to which the prince sat, when the carriage stopped, the page alighted to open the door, and the lady came out with a petition, which she presented with a courtesy to the bowing young monarch. The return was equally in order. After appearing to await the pleasure of the prince for a short time, the lady courtesied again and re-entered the chariot, the page mounted behind, the coachman flourished his whip, and the footman, after running a few steps, resumed his place.

About the same period, M. Vaucanson, a member of the Academie Royale of France, led the way to the unquestionable superiority of modern times, in these contrivances, by the construction of his automaton duck, a production, it is said, so exactly resembling the living animal, that not a bone of the body, and hardly a feather of the wings, seems to have escaped his imitation and direction. The radius, the cubitus, and the humerus had each their exact offices. The automaton ate, drank, and quacked in perfect harmony with nature. It gobbled food brought before it with avidity, drank, and even muddled the water after the manner of the living bird, and appeared to evacuate its food ultimately in a digested state.

Ingenious contemporaries of the inventor, who solved all the rest of his contrivances, could never wholly comprehend the mechanism of this duck. A chemical solution of the food was contrived to imitate the effect of digestion.

This gentleman is also celebrated for having exhibited at Paris, in 1738, an

ANDROIDES,* a flute player, whose powers exceeded all *his* ancestry ; and the liberality and good sense with which he communicated to the Academy, in the same year, an exact account of its construction.

The figure was nearly six feet in height, and usually placed on a square pedestal four feet and a half high, and about three and a half broad. The air entered the body by three separate pipes, into which it was conveyed by nine pair of bellows, which were expanded and contracted at pleasure, by means of an axis formed of metallic substances, and which was turned by the aid of clock-work. There was not even the slightest noise heard during the operations of the bellows : which might otherwise have discovered the process, by which air was conveyed *ad libitum* into the body of the machine. The three tubes, into which the air was sent by means of the bellows, passed again into three small reservoirs concealed in the body of the automaton. After having united in this place, and ascended towards the throat, they formed the cavity of the mouth, which terminated in two small lips, adapted to the performance of their respective functions. A small moveable tongue was inclosed within this cavity, which admitted or intercepted the passage of the air into the flute, according to the tune that was executed, or the quantity of wind that was requisite for the performance. A particular species of steel cylinder, which was turned by means of clock-work, afforded the proper movements to the fingers, lips, and tongue. This cylinder was divided into fifteen equal parts, which caused the ascension of the other extremities, by the aid of pegs, which pressed upon the ends of fifteen different levers. The fingers of the automaton were directed in their movements by seven of these levers, which had wires and chains attached to their ascending extremities ; these being fixed to the fingers, caused their ascension in due proportion to the declension of the other extremity, by

the motion of the cylinder ; and thus, on the contrary, the ascent, or descent, of one end of the lever, produced a similar ascent, or descent, in the fingers that corresponded to the others ; by which one of the holes was opened or stopped agreeably to the direction of the music. The entrance of the wind was managed by three of the other levers, which were so organized as to be capable of opening or shutting, by means of the three reservoirs. By a similar mechanical process, the lips were under the direction of four levers : one of which opened them in order to give the air a freer passage ; the other contracted them ; the third drew them back ; and the fourth pushed them in a forward direction. The lips were placed on that part of the flute, which receives the air ; and, by the different motions which have been already enumerated, regulated the tune in the requisite manner for execution. The direction of the tongue furnished employment for the remaining lever, which it moved in order that it might be enabled to shut or open the mouth of the flute.

The extremity of the axis of the cylinder was terminated on the right side by an endless screw, consisting of twelve threads, each of which was placed at the distance of a line and a half from the other. A piece of copper was fixed above this screw ; and within it was a steel pivot, which was inserted between the threads of the screw, and obliged the cylinder above-mentioned to pursue the threads. Thus, instead of moving in a direct turn, it was perpetually pushed to one side ; the successive elevation of the levers displaying all the different movements of a professed musician.

M. Vaucanson constructed another celebrated Androides, which played on the Provençal shepherd's pipe, and beat, at the same time, on an instrument called the tambour de basque. This was also a machine of the first order, for ingenious and difficult contrivance. The shepherd bore the flageolet in his

* From the Greek, for a term under which some scientific works have classed all the automata, that have been made to imitate the human person.

left hand, and in the right a stick, with which he beat the tabor, or tambourine, in accompaniment. He was capable of playing about twenty different airs, consisting of minuets, rigadoons, and contra dances. The pipe, or flageolet, which he was made to play, is a wind instrument, of great variety, rapidity, and power of execution, when the notes are well filled and properly articulated by the tongue; but it consists only of three holes, and the execution, therefore, mainly depends upon the manner in which they are covered, and the due variation of the force of the wind that reaches them.

To give the Androides power to sound the highest note, M. Vaucanson found it necessary to load the bellows, which supplied the air to this tone, with fifty-six pounds weight, while that of one ounce supplied the lowest tone. Nor was the same note always to be executed by exactly the same force of air; it was necessary to pay the most accurate attention to its place on the scale, and to so many difficult circumstances of combination and expression, that the inventor declares himself to have been frequently on the point of relinquishing his attempt in its progress. In the tambourine accompaniment too, there were numerous obstacles to overcome; the variation of the strokes, and particularly the continued roll of this instrument, was found to require no small ingenuity of construction.

All other exhibitions of mechanical skill, in imitation of the powers of human nature, were destined, however, to give way, in 1769, to the pretension of the Chess-Player of M. Wolfgang de Kempelin, a Hungarian gentleman, and Aulic Counsellor of the Royal Chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Called in that year to Vienna by the duties of his station, this gentleman was present at some experiments on magnetism made before the Empress Maria Theresa, when he ventured to hint, that he could construct, for her Majesty, a piece of mechanism far superior to any of those which had been exhibited. His manner of remarking this excited the attention of the Empress, who encouraging him to

make the effort, the Automaton Chess-Player, which has since been exhibited in all the capitals of Europe, was, within six months after this period, presented at the Imperial court. It is a presumption in favour of the pretensions of this contrivance to be a master piece of mere mechanism, that the original artist, after having gratified his exalted patroness and her court with the exhibition of it, appeared for many years indifferent to its fame. He engaged himself in other mechanical pursuits with equal ardour, and is said to have so far neglected this, as to have taken it partly to pieces, for the purpose of making other experiments. But the visit of the Russian Grand Duke Paul to the court of Joseph II. again called our automaton to life. It was repaired and put in order in a few weeks; and, from this period, (1785) has been exhibited, at intervals, throughout Germany, at Paris, and in London; first by M. de Kempelin, and latterly by a purchaser of the property from his son; Kempelin having died in 1803.

Our chess-playing readers will be able to appreciate the bold pretensions of this automaton. The entire number of combinations, which it is possible to form with the pieces of a chess-board, has never, we believe, been ascertained. To push forward a plan of our own steadily, and at the same time to anticipate the designs of an antagonist, requires a constant and acute discrimination, which long experience, and some considerable strength of memory, have been required to make availing, in all other cases. But this cunning infidel (for he assumes the figure of a Turk) drives kings, and castles, and knights before him with more than mortal sagacity, and with his inferior hand: he never, we believe, has been beaten; and, except in a very few instances of drawn games, has beat the most skilful chess-players in Europe. Dr. Hutton, on the supposition of its being altogether a mechanical contrivance, calls it "the greatest master-piece of mechanics that ever appeared in the world." We shall recount his pretensions in the words of an Oxford graduate, who published "Observations" on them,

during his last visit in London, and subjoin a statement of the best attempts that have been made to account for his apparent skill, in a second article upon this interesting subject.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

THE MERMAID.

IT was mentioned in the Journals, some time ago, that a Mermaid, caught in the Indian seas, had been brought to this country. The creature so described, and no doubt one of the species which has given rise to so many fabulous stories, is now in the Museum of Surgeon's Hall. It is about 8 feet in length, and bears a strong resemblance to the common seal. There is also a young female of the same species, in the same place. They belong to the class of Mammalia; the fins terminate (internally) in a structure like the human hand; the breasts of the female are very prominent; and, in suckling its young, not only this appearance but their situation on the body, must cause that extraordinary phenomenon which has led to the popular belief. In other respects, the face is far from looking like that of the human race; and the long hair is as entirely wanting as the glass and comb.

ABYSSINIAN SACRAMENT.

The Abyssinian priests have a singular way of administering the sacrament, which is thus described in Pearce's narrative. Any person who wishes to receive the holy elements, has only to go to the church and wait until the proper time; when they begin, the people stand in ranks, the greater sort first. The communicants go in order toward the two priests, who stand before the altar in the middle of the church, drest in their sacred cloaths. One holds a cross and a book, the other a dish and a spoon. The communicant first bows to the ground, then arises and kisses the cross thrice, while the priest who holds it reads aloud; he next opens his mouth, and the other priest puts in with a spoon two mouthfuls of plum-pudding, after which he bows, runs out of

the church, holding his hand to his mouth, and will neither spit nor speak until sunset. The dried grapes are understood to represent the blood, and the paste the body of Christ.

THE VAPOURS.

A very delicate lady of fashion, who had, till her beauty began to decay, been flattered egregiously by one sex, and vehemently envied by the other, began to feel, as years approached, that she was shrinking into nobody. Disappointment produces ennui, and ennui disease; a train of nervous symptoms succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, and after the advice and the consultations of all the physicians in Ireland, and the correspondence of the most eminent in England, this poor lady had recourse, in the last resort, to Lord Trimblestone. He declined interfering; he hesitated; but at last, after much intercession, he consented to hear the lady's complaints, and to endeavour to effect her cure; this concession was made upon a positive stipulation, that the patient should remain three weeks in his house without any attendants but those of his own family, and that her friends should give her up entirely to his management. The case was desperate; and any terms must be submitted to, where there was a prospect of relief. The lady went to Trimblestone; was received with the greatest attention and politeness. Instead of a grave and forbidding physician, her host she found was a man of most agreeable manners. Lady Trimblestone did every thing in her power to entertain her guest, and for two or three days the demon of ennui was banished. At length the lady's vapours returned; every thing appeared changed. Melancholy brought on a return of alarming nervous

complaints, convulsions of the limbs, perversion of the understanding, a horror of society; in short, all the complaints that are to be met with in an advertisement enumerating the miseries of a nervous patient. In the midst of one of her most violent fits, four mutes, dressed in white, entered her apartment, slowly approaching; they took her without violence in their arms, and without giving her time to recollect herself, conveyed her into a distant chamber hung with black, and lighted with green tapers. From the ceiling, which was of a considerable height, a swing was suspended, in which she was placed by the mutes, so as to be seated at some distance from the ground. One of the mutes set the swing in motion; and as it approached one end of the room, she was opposed by a grim, menacing figure armed with a huge rod of birch. When she looked behind her, she saw a similar figure at the other end of the room, armed in the same manner. The terror, notwithstanding the strange circumstances which surrounded her, was not of that sort which threatens life; but every instant there was an immediate hazard of bodily pain. After some time, the mutes appeared again, with great composure took the lady out of the swing, and conducted her to her apartment. When she had reposed some time, a servant came to inform her that tea was ready. Fear of what might be the consequence of a refusal, prevented her from declining to appear. No notice was taken of what had happened, and the evening and the next day passed without any attack of her disorder. On the third day the vapours returned; the mutes re-appeared, the menacing flagellants again affrighted her, and again she enjoyed a remission of her complaints. By degrees the fits of her disorder became less frequent, the ministration of her tormentors less necessary, and in time, the habits of hypochondriacism were so often interrupted, and such a new series of ideas was introduced into her mind, that she recovered perfect health, and preserved to the end of her life sincere gratitude to her adventurous physician.

KOSCIUSKO.

An immense mound, or tumulus, after the manner of the ancients, is to be thrown up on a mountain in Poland, in memory of Kosciusko, and his name inscribed on a block of granite to be placed on the top. It is further intended to purchase the whole mountain on which the mound is to be raised, with a piece of ground as far as the Vistula, to plant it in a useful and agreeable manner, and to people it with veterans who have served under the General. They are to have the land and dwellings freehold property, and to form a little society by the name of Kosciusko's Colony. It is also proposed to support two young nieces of Kosciusko, who are in narrow circumstances. To obtain funds for carrying this into effect, it has been determined to apply to the admirers of Kosciusko in foreign countries.

ANTEDILUVIAN LONGEVITY.

"It is said, that there were giants in the earth in those days," Gen. vi. 4. But the word translated *giants*, means rather *men of violence* or *apostates*, who becoming *mighty*, and *men of renown*, held out the most profligate examples to their inferiors."

Though we know, that large fossil bones, and an allegorical personification of mountains, rocks, meteors, hurricanes, &c. gave birth to the term giants, among the heathens, yet we think from the above passage, that the Heathen Mythologies were the absolute Antediluvian systems of Religion.

Mr. Pruen, in his work on the Liturgy, just published, says, in quotation, that owing to the longevity of the Antediluvians, it is calculated, "that the inhabitants alive, at the time of the flood, amounted to near 14,000,000,000,000; i. e. fourteen billions, or millions of millions, whereas the number supposed to be now living is not 1,000,000,000, or one fourteenth part, a disproportion hardly conceivable.

Now Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and we have the express authority of Diodorus Siculus (L. i.) Plutarch in Numa, and

Pliny (L. vii. c. 48) for saying, that the *most ancient Egyptian year* was a mere Lunar month: and as we have no information that the Antediluvians understood Astronomy, a science antecedent to the invention of a Solar year, we consider the opinion of longevity as a mistake; and the populousness described, as a number too large for this planet to support, and manifestly disproved by the providential checks, so ably exhibited by Mr. Malthus.

SOUR KROUT.

The Germans frequently present at table cabbage shred fine, exposed to a slight degree of fermentation, salted, and boiled with some pepper kernels and some bacon; this they call *sour kROUT*: it keeps well, and is useful at sea as an antiscorbutic. It seems to have been introduced into this country by William the conqueror, who granted to his cook Tezelin, the manor of Addington, for making a mess called *gerout*, and bringing it to the king's table.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "LADY."

It was anciently the custom in England, for those whom fortune had blessed with affluence, to live constantly at their manor houses in the country, where once a week, or oftener, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hands, a certain quantity of bread. She was hence denominated by those who shared her bounty, the *laff dien*, which in Saxon signifies, the *bread giver*. A gradual corruption in the manner of pronouncing the word has produced the modern term, *lady*. It is probable that from this hospitable custom, arose the practice still universally existing, of ladies serving the meat at their own tables.

THE ORIGIN OF KISSING.

Gorgias held the opinion, that women were not to be honoured according to their form, but their fame, preferring actual virtue before superficial beauty; to encourage which in their sex funeral orations were allowed by the Roman laws to be celebrated for all such as had

been either precedents of a good and commendable life, or otherwise illustrious for any noble or eminent action. And therefore (lest the matrons or virgins of Rome, the one should divert from their staid gravity, or the other from their virgin professed integrity,) the use of wine was not known amongst them, for that woman was taxed with immodesty whose breath was known to smell of the grape. Pliny, in his Natural History, saith that Cato was of opinion, that the use of kissing first began betwixt kinsman and kinswoman, however near allied or far off, only by that to know whether their wives, daughters, or nieces, had tasted any wine; to which custom Juvenal seems to allude in his Satires; as if the father were jealous of his daughter's continence; or if by kissing her, he perceived she had drunk wine. But kissing and drinking both are now grown to a greater custom among us, than in those days with the Romans. Nor am I so austere to forbid the use of either, though both may be abused by the vicious; yet at customary meetings, and laudable banquets, they, by the nobly-disposed, and such whose hearts are fixed upon honour, may be used with much modesty and continence.

HAUNTED FIELD.

A short time since a young woman of *Exeter*, named Whicker who was in the habit of going out to day-work at her needle, was passing through a field, which the servants of the house she had left had represented to her as haunted; and the fears of the credulous girl being thus awakened, a black boy having wrapped himself in a sheet, concealing all but his face and hands, met her in the path. The shock was too strong for her reason—she became raving mad—and about a fortnight since was conveyed to the asylum, near *Exeter*, deprived of all those noble powers of intellect which dignify human nature above the brute creation; and though the dreary void of her mind is occasionally irradiated by lucid intervals, she soon relapses into insanity, from which it is feared she will never perfectly recover!

A SECOND SOLOMON.

The Sierra Leone Gazette of the 25th of November contains the following article: "On Friday, the 10th inst. a select party was made to visit Almammy Dallah Mahommadoo, on the Bullofin shore. It was a secret known only to a very few in the colony, that this worthy Chief had a grand festival on that day, on the occasion of taking to himself 16 new wives, in addition to the moderate number of 89, to whom he was already wedded! All the Chiefs of the country, with their principal retainers, were invited. The company altogether consisted of many hundreds."

TALMA.

When Talma was once performing Hamlet at Arras, in the fifth scene, where he is about to stab his mother, a military stranger was so overcome by the tragic powers of the actor, that he was carried out of the theatre. His first words on recovery were, "Has he killed his mother?"

EVENTS NOW TRANSPILING IN MAROCCO.

Shereef, Muley Ibrahim, (or Bryhime) who is actually contending for the throne of Marocco, is the lineal descendant and lawful heir to that throne. He is the eldest son of the redoubtable warrior, the late Emperor Muley Yezzed, who was remarkably well disposed towards our late revered Sovereign. The Sultana, Muley Yezzed's mother, was an English or an Irish woman, who had been wrecked on the coast of West Barbary, whose beauty was so attractive, that she became an inmate of the harem or seraglio, after which the Emperor Sidy Muhammed became attached to her, and married her. Muley Yezzed had always distinguished himself in the field of battle; he was always victorious when he engaged against his rebellious subjects, however great the disparity of numbers might be against him! He attacked, though unsuccessfully, the fortress of Ceuta, which is considered impregnable on the land side, in A. D. 1803, with an immense army, at the period that he gave his port of Santa Cruz, in South Barbary, on the con-

finer of the Sahara, to the Dutch nation. Apprehensions are now entertained at Ceuta, that this prince will repeat his father's visit, and again attack that citadel; but if the Shereef Muley Ibrahim, should finally succeed in dethroning his uncle Soliman, he will have many indispensable matters to arrange before he will be sufficiently at leisure to attack Ceuta.

[Since writing the above, we have seen an account that the new Emperor, Muley Ishmael, was found dead in his bed (accidentally!) at Tetuan.]

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF "MELANCHOLY POINT."

A young officer in the army having married a lady in England, was ordered a short time afterwards to proceed to India with his regiment, while the lady's relations, or the gentleman's own circumstances, would not permit her accompanying him. They were therefore forced to separate, and he proceeded to Bengal. A correspondence was carried on between them for some years; and at length he persuaded her to undertake a voyage to India, which she accordingly did, and arrived safe at Sangur roads. He was at this time stationed in the fort; and on the very day of her arrival in the river, was seized with a fever of the country, which terminated his existence, before his wife, and a fine child, the pledge of their mutual affection, could reach the place where he lay! On her coming into the fort, and beholding her husband's corpse, she fell into a state of insensibility, which was succeeded by that of melancholy, and in six weeks she followed her husband to the grave! During the period of her decline, she used to go out every day, and sit some hours on the neck of land on which the fort is situated, weeping over her child: hence it acquired, and still retains, the name of "Melancholy Point."

NEW HOLLAND PINE.

The Hispaniolans, with the highest degree of pride, challenge any of the trees of Europe or Asia, to equal the height of their cabbage trees, towering to an altitude of 270 feet! The New Holland Pine, however, is stated to attain the height of 600 feet.

APPLE BREAD.

M. Duduit de Maizieres, a French officer of the king's household, has invented and practised with great success, a method of making bread of common apples, very far superior to potatoe bread. After having boiled one third of peeled apples, he bruised them, while quite warm, into two-thirds of flour, including the proper quantity of yeast, and kneaded the whole without water, the juice of the fruit being quite sufficient. When this mixture had acquired the consistency of paste, he put it into a vessel, in which he allowed it to rise for about twelve hours. By this process he obtained a very excellent bread, full of eyes, and extremely palatable and light.

DRY ROT.

This destructive enemy of buildings, which generally commences its ravages in the cellar, may be prevented, or its progress checked, by white-washing them yearly, mixing with the wash as much copperas as will give it a clear yellow hue.

MARSHAL LANNES.

The poet Guillard, the author of *Œdipe à Colonne*, and the intimate friend of Marshal Lannes, relates the following singular anecdote, which he says he had from the marshal himself, who took a pleasure in repeating it, in a manner which indicated his belief in the doctrine of fatalism.

When Lannes served with Buonaparte in the grand campaigns of Italy, nearly all the generals of that fortunate army were young. They accordingly often met to amuse themselves; and the joy which success inspired, added to the gaiety of youth. One day while they were assembled at Buonaparte's quarters, the conversation turned on oracles, although there was by no means much credulity among the party. Buonaparte, either to entertain his company, or because he fancied himself gifted with prophecy, announced his intention of telling all their fortunes. The military necromancer took their hands alternately, examined the lieutenants, and seemed to utter any extravagance that

struck his fancy. Bursts of laughter, of course followed every prediction. It came to the turn of Lannes; Buonaparte took his hand, looked at it, dropped it without saying a word, and passed to another, Lannes asked the reason of this silence. To avoid replying, the general in chief discontinued the amusement, as if he thought the child's play had lasted long enough. Lannes insisted. "Let us be done with it," said Buonaparte, "You see it is only a bit of folly." The curiosity of Lannes was, however, too strongly excited; he returned to the charge, and at last Buonaparte yielded, and took his hand. "Do you see that line?" said he; "it prognosticates that you are to be killed by a cannon ball." "Indeed," replied Lannes, laughing, "if it does not come soon there will be no place for it to hit." He had then fifteen wounds on his body, and had received thirty-two, when he was killed by a cannon ball at the battle of Wagram.

It may be observed, by the by, that this pleasantry of Buonaparte, so unfortunately verified, was not likely to compromise his prophetic character. He might with perfect safety predict the killing of his generals by cannon balls. Some of his prophecies must have necessarily proved true; and one prediction fulfilled, is quite sufficient to make the fortune of a sorcerer.

LONGEVITY IN RUSSIA.

In all Russia, in the year 1817, there were born

786,810 males,
711,796 females.

And there died

423,092 males,
405,469 females,

Of which, under 5 years 208,954.

60 years of age	68,723
70	38,764
80	16,175
90	2,108
100	783
115	83
120	51
125	21
130	7
135	1
140	1

(London Magazine.)

SPECIMENS OF RUSSIAN POETS.

POETRY, like the elements which are necessary to our existence, is common to every climate ; it is a flower that will flourish in any soil. Wherever there exists a certain degree of mental civilization---wherever the imagination, the fancy, and the sensibility of man have power to reach a certain state of developement---there poetry will inevitably spring up ; and wherever those qualities attain their highest and purest state of existence, there will poetry advance to its loftiest character, and fulfil its best purpose :---whether it be on burning plains on the east, in the inspiring climate, and beneath the elysian sky of the south, or in the frozen regions of the farthest north. We have lying before us a little work, entitled *Russian Anthology*. The freezing breath of criticism waxes warm and genial at the very name ; and accordingly, before opening the book, we had made up our mind to seek for beauties, and not to seek for faults.

The Russian Poet, whose works (judging from the examples before us) are most worthy of notice, is Derzhavin.---There is a lofty and sustained style of thought and feeling about his Ode, entitled "God," which indicates a high degree of mental power and cultivation ; and in other parts of the specimens that are given of his poetry, we discover an active and excursive imagination, and a very vivid and exquisite fancy.---The following is from the ode we have mentioned, entitled

" GOD."

IN its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep---may count
The sands or the sun's rays---but, God ! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure :---none can mount
Up to thy mysteries ; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark :
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity,
Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence ;---Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation :---all
Spring forth from Thee :---of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin :---all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! Great !
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !
Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround :
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death !
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee ;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.
A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss !

They own Thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light---
A glorious company of golden streams---
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright---
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
But Thou to these art as the moon to night.

The following is equally worthy of praise. The last stanza, and particularly the couplet in italics, is extremely fine.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost :---
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
And what am I then Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness ; is a cypher brought
Against infinity ! What am I then ! Nought !
Nought ! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too ;
*Yes ! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew !*
Nought ! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence ; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God ! and surely Thou must be !

WEDDED LOVE. A FRAGMENT.

IT was a lovely sight to witness, when,
Returning from his toil or mountain sport,
Hilarion reach'd his home. By the rude door
Grew sycamore and limes, whose boughs hung down
Like woman's tresses, and around whose trunks
The honeysuckle wound its fragrant arms ;
And laurel always green, and myrtles, which
Shook their white buds beneath the summer moon,
Were there ; and there, expecting his return
The gentle Auria, who each happy day
Gather'd her fairest fruits to welcome him.
Soft was the evening's greeting ;---one long kiss
Received and given told a world of love,

And many a question ask'd how absence pass'd
 Was answered tenderly, and lovely fears
 At times would fill the eyes, and ease the heart,—
 —One child, like Auria fair, and with such looks
 As Hebe might in early infancy,
 Have cast on Juno, when that skiey queen
 First shew'd her unto Jove smiling, was born :
 A gentle link of love, yet firmer far
 Than bonds, (tho' useful these) or forced vows
 Was that fair child, who from each parent's heart
 Drew joy and by communicable signs
 (More beautiful than words) and murmur'd sounds,
 Nature's imperfect utterance, told its own,
 And carried to the other's heart delight.

Gentle and wedded Love, how fair art thou,—
 How rich, how very rich, yet freed of blame,
 How calm and how secure !—the perfect Hours
 Pass onwards to futurity with thee,
 Without a sigh or backward look of sorrow :
 Pleasantly on they pass, never delayed
 By doubt, or vain remorse, or desperate fear.
 But, in thy train, Beauty and blooming Joy
 Pass hand in hand, and young-eyed Hope, whose glance
 (Not dimm'd, yet softened by a touch of care,)
 Looks forward still; and serious Happiness
 Lies on thy heart, a safe and sheltered guest.

THE STORM.

A Night Piece, after Salvator Rosa.

THE night is dark and lowering—a black cloud passes through the hot sky—vapours rise from the heath—the waning moon, pale and melancholy disappears. Suddenly she shines through the parting clouds: a solitary star twinkles beneath the murky veil. Lightnings, flashing mid the sky, reveal its misty shapes. Far off rolls the hollow thunder. Every thing sighs beneath the wrath of the tempest-breeding sky. The bat flutters around. Hark! the tempest bursts! Fiercely it bends the tops of the trembling trees, blustering among their scattered leaves—great drops of rain fall heavy from the sky. See the lightning, how it dazzles! Hark! how

it rustles!—Almighty Warder of the clouds! how great is thy beauty in the tempest!

Loud and hollow rolls the distant ocean—woe to the mariner who sails on its midnight wave! The wind-god will sieze him—will sink him with his wooden refuge—in the abyss of the howling wave.

No kindly star lights him to the shore. In vain his young wife awaits him:—in vain she looks for the morning star: a black cloud conceals it. Yonder it glimmers weak in the east—the first dim presage of the dawn! Delay not, welcome messenger! Haste and dispel the dark phantoms of the night.

(Imperial Magazine.)

CONCLUDING SCENE OF NATURE.

WHEN nature and the efforts of physicians prove unable to resist the malignity of the disease, all the distinguishing marks of it are obliterated, and the concluding scene is common to all.

The strength being almost entirely exhausted, the patient lies constantly on

his back, with a perpetual propensity to slide to the bottom of the bed; the hands shake when they attempt to lay hold of any thing, and a continual twitching is observed in the tendons of his wrist; the tongue trembles when it is pushed forth for inspection, or all at-

tempts to push it forth are unsuccessful; a black and glutinous crust gathers on the lips and teeth, to the increase and inconveniency of which the patient seems now insensible. He seems equally insensible to the ardour of thirst; he mutters to himself; he dozes with his mouth half open, the lower jaw falling down, as if the muscles were too much relaxed to resist its own gravity; he sees objects indistinctly, as if a dark cloud hung before his eyes; small black particles, called by physicians *muscæ volitantes*, play, as it is believed, before his eyes, for he often catches with his hands at those or some such objects of

his disordered brain; he frequently extends his arms before and above his face, seeming to contemplate his nails and fingers; at other times he fumbles with his fingers, and picks the wool from off the bed-clothes; he loses the power of retention; the evacuations pass involuntarily; and, as if lamenting his own deplorable condition, tears flow down his ghastly countenance; the pulse flutters as small as a thread, and, on a pressure very little stronger than common, is not felt at all; his legs and arms become cold, his nails and fingers blackish; his respiration is interrupted by hiccups, and finally by death.

Paragraphs.

(From the English Magazines, April 1821.)

THE BEWITCHED LIEUTENANT.

In 1817, a very corpulent gentleman, a lieutenant in the royal navy, applied to the Lord Mayor of London, under the following circumstances. He stated that the lady of the house where he lived, her daughter, and several of the lodgers, had conspired to deprive him of his existence, by means of "electricity and the attractive power;" that they had utterly deprived him of his ancle bones, the nobs of his wrists, and had superinduced a consumption. His lordship remarked, that his appearance by no means warranted that conclusion; but he assured his lordship, that his rotundity was occasioned by their contrivances, and that it consisted entirely of inflammable matter; that they had cut three setons in his neck, bled him four times on the arm with lancets, and seven times on the forehead with leeches, and the young lady had applied the attractive power with so much violence, as to extract two of his teeth!! which teeth he produced in court in corroboration of the fact; at the same time he handed up a voluminous written statement of his grievances, and concluded by claiming the protection of his lordship.

The Lord Mayor remarked, that he did not see how he could interfere with the attractive powers of the young lady, though she had used them with such powerful effect.

The Lieutenant said, it was not against this particular family only that he had to complain, but that multitudes were in the habit of tormenting him with a tube and a spring, and it was lamentable and scandalous to see a great nation conspiring against an individual who had served his country in so many battles.

ANECDOTE.

The following singular circumstance occurred on the last evening the King was at Drury-lane Theatre:—A gentleman of Clerkenwell, who was in the crowd, missing his watch, seized a man whom he supposed had robbed him, and challenged him with the offence. The fellow immediately took from

his pocket a watch and seals, which he gave up, and was suffered to depart. On returning home, the gentleman, to his utter astonishment, found he had left his own watch hanging up in his bed-room! The watch and seals given to him are worth 50 guineas.

HAUNTED BED-ROOM.

Professor Gassendi, in one of his letters, says, that he was consulted by his friend and patron, the Count D'Alais, Governor of Provence, on a phenomenon that haunted his bed chamber, while he was at Marseilles. For several successive nights, as soon as the candle was taken away, he and his countess saw a luminous spectre, sometimes of an oval and sometimes of a triangular form; that it always immediately disappeared when a light was brought into the room; that he often struck at it, but could discover nothing solid. Gassendi, as a natural philosopher, endeavoured to account for it; sometimes attributing it to some defect of vision, or to some dampness of the apartment; insinuating that perhaps it might be sent from heaven to him, to give him warning in due time of something that would happen. The spectre still continued its visits all the time he stayed at Marseilles. Some years afterwards, on their return to Aix, the Countess confessed to her husband that she played him this trick, by means of one of her women placed under the bed with a phial of phosphorus, with an intention to frighten him away from Marseilles, a place in which she disliked to live.

MRS. CLARKE.

Died, at Stonehouse, M. Clarke, in the 108th year of her age. She was born at Dundee in Scotland, and married there about eighty years since. She was at the battle of Fontenoy with her husband, who was afterwards a Serjeant of invalids. She had 15 children, one of whom is drummer-major of the East Devon Militia. She lost two sons at sea, at the time of the great earthquake, and five in the action fought against the French by the fleet under the command of Admiral Keppel. Tea was her constant beverage.

QUEEN OF THE GYPSIES.

Aged 101, a woman named Stanley, widow of the late Peter Stanley, well known in the counties of Wilts, Hants, and Dorset, by the designation of *King of the Gypsies*. She was interred at Piddletown. The concourse of people assembled from the adjacent villages to witness the closing scene of this venerable *Queen Dowager* of the wandering tribe, was immense.

J. HAYES, ESQ.

March 4. In Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars Road, in his 82d year, James Hayes, esq. who has left his valuable estates in Suffolk to the Rev. Dr. Tomline, Lord Bishop of Winchester; and also the following sums in Charitable Donations:---3000*l.* stock to Bethlehem Hospital; 10,050*l.* to Christ's Hospital for annuities of 10*l.* each to the blind, and 10,000*l.* for the general use of the Charity; 5000*l.* to the London Hospital; 5000*l.* to the Deaf and Dumb Charity; 5000*l.* to the School for Indigent Blind; 5000*l.* to the National Society; 4000*l.* to the Parish of Barking; 1000*l.* to Little Ilford, Essex; 1000*l.* to St. Gabriel's, Fenchurch-street; and 2000*l.* to Christ-church, Surrey, for the benefit of the poor; 5000*l.* for the sick and maimed seamen in the merchants' service; 200*l.* to the Company of Glass Sellers for its poor; and 100*l.* to the poor of Allhallows Staining, Mark-lane.

MARGARET WOOD.

At Maxwelltown, Mrs. Margaret Wood, relict of Mr. R. Richardson, late farmer of the Moss-side of Dumfries, aged 81. An incident in the life of this worthy old dame deserves especial remembrance: while in her cradle, a brisk bridegroom came to her father's house to invite him to his wedding; "Rock the cradle," said her mother, "till I gang hen, and get ye a glass: she'll, maybe, be your *second* wife yet." The then proposed marriage never took place; and after some seventeen years, she became the *first* wife of the same brisk bridegroom; and, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, she, to her infinite credit, lived with him in a state of great connubial happiness.

J. J. BRAYFIELD, ESQ.

The vicissitudes of this person's life have not been few. Born of decent parents, his early love of reading was checked by his apprenticeship to a business which, not suiting his inclination, he alternately became a weaver, a watch-maker, a watchman, a bookseller, an author, a soldier, &c. &c. In his early progress through these various situations, he seldom missed attending the execution of criminals before Newgate and elsewhere, and was generally so well acquainted with their history, that he might have been successfully applied to as a kind of Old Bailey Chronicle. He was also an attendant upon all the fairs, races, boxing-matches, and diversions of every kind, from the matches made by the first-rate encouragers of pugilism, down to the weekly badger-baiting in Black Boy Alley. From the observations made in the indulgence of these habits, he was first convinced of the want of a Sporting Magazine, which idea being submitted by a friend of his to the late Mr. John

Wheble, that gentleman perfected his plan. One of Mr. B.'s peculiarities was to enter every occurrence relative to himself in a kind of daily journal, recording even those faults and follies which people in general are most anxious to conceal.

From degrading situations, after some time, Mr. B. was enabled to emerge, by the unexpected arrival of a maternal uncle from India, after thirty years absence with a considerable fortune. The property finally left to him and his mother, at his uncle's decease in 1798, placed him in a situation to indulge his passion for what he termed "seeing life" to the fullest extent. Under different signatures he has been a communicator to almost every Magazine of his time.

EARL DYSART.

March 9. At Ham House, Surrey, in the 82d year of his age, the Right Hon. Wilbraham Tollemache, Earl of Dysart, and Baron Huntingtour, of the Kingdom of Scotland, a Baronet, and High Steward of the Borough of Ipswich. On the death of his brother Lionel, the fourth Earl of Dysart, Feb. 22. 1769, he succeeded him in the Earldom, and, in 1806, the gallant Lord Viscount Nelson, in the High Stewardship of the Borough of Ipswich.

By the decease of his Lordship, the very ancient and highly respectable family of Tollemache has become extinct in the male line,---a family which has flourished in the greatest repute, and in an uninterrupted male succession in the county of Suffolk, from the arrival of the Saxons in this kingdom to the present time; a period of more than 1300 years. Very lately, was to be seen in the old manor-house, the following Inscription:

"When William the Conqueror reign'd with great fame,
Bentley was my seat and Tollemache was my name."

The premature fate of the late Lord's three brothers was most melancholy and unfortunate; and is pathetically alluded to in the elegant inscription which commemorates the decease of Lionel Robert Tollemache, the only son of one of them, (viz. the Hon. John Tollemache), an Ensign in the 1st regiment to Flanders, on the breaking out of the late war with France, was killed by the bursting of a shell before Valenciennes, July 14, 1793, in an assault made previously to the surrender of that town.

His death was the more unfortunate, as he was the only British officer killed on the occasion. He was a youth of uncommon promise; but to his family his loss was irreparable! for, by that fatal event, it became extinct, in the male line. But the name of Tollemache has been unfortunate! The father and two uncles of this valiant youth, like himself, lost their lives prematurely in the service of that country. His uncle, the Hon. George Tollemache, was killed by falling from the mast-head of the *Moderate* man-of-war, at sea; his father, the Hon. John Tollemache,* was killed in a duel at New-York; and another of his uncles, the Hon. William Tollemache, was lost in the *Repulse* frigate in a hurricane, in the Atlantic Ocean. So many instances of disaster are rarely to be met with in the same family.

* The quarrel originated in a Sonnet, written by Capt. Pennington, of the Guards, which Capt. Tollemache considered as reflecting on the supposed wit of his Lady. After firing a brace of pistols each, without effect, they drew their swords. Capt. Tollemache was run through the heart, and Capt. Pennington received seven wounds so severe, that his life was despaired of for some time after.